Southern State Normal School Library

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. 109, NO. 19 · NEW YORK, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1943 · NUMBER 1510

Meeting in Moscow

Details are not yet available, as we write, of the Moscow agreements, but there seems no reason to doubt that the meeting has been a substantial success. President Roosevelt's ebullient enthusiasm appears to be confirmed by the reports from Russia, although he may have led the people to expect more important results, and more complete unanimity, than are humanly possible. To realize how important this success is, we have only to think of the possible alternative. If the Moscow meeting had broken up in discord, or had ended inconclusively, it would have been a major disaster. The result is not only a great setback for Hitler; it is a great setback as well for those American Russophobes who have been insisting that we could not possibly come to an agreement with Russia either on present or post-war problems. In short, the Moscow news is one of the best war items in a long time.

The Fronts

The news from the military fronts is also good. The Red Army has cut off the retreat of whatever German troops remain in the Crimea and its advance in the Dnieper bend continues despite Nazi counter-attacks. The Allies are advancing in Italy, slowly but with apparent sureness. In the Balkans the Partisans of Yugoslavia were reported to have crossed the Hungarian border and, in the south, to have joined bands of Albanian patriots. Of great political as well as military importance was the report that the Partisans have supplied anti-Nazi Italian forces with arms. In the Pacific, Allied landings on the islands of Mono and Choiseul brought our forces closer to the strategic Japanese base at Rabaul. As we said last week, the tide of Allied victory is rising inexorably.

What Moscow Left Out

Just what role China played in the Moscow Conference is not yet clear. It seems fairly certain, however, that Far Eastern affairs were not discussed as fully as their pressing character would suggest. One obvious reason is the fact that Russia is not at war with Japan. The conferees no doubt felt that European matters were paramount.

Nevertheless, plans for Asia cannot too long be delayed. What is to be done with a defeated Japan? What will be the future status of India, Burma, Indo-China, the Malay States and other colonial areas? What can we promise the Asiatics that will offer a genuine freedom and possibility of advancement in place of Japan's imperialistic "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere"? As soon as it can be arranged, a conference should be held to deal with these questions. If Russia cannot be included because of her position in the war, at least a preliminary meeting can be held of delegates from China, Great Britain and the United States.

Mr. Paul May Resign

The report that Randolph Paul will resign his position with the Treasury Department has not at this writing been confirmed, but if that is his intention, we can sympathize with it. Mr. Paul has from the first done his level best to assure an adequate tax program,

CONTENTS

The Week 635

Editorials
- Are Miners People? 637
- Fumbling with the Peace 638
- Doing the Nazis' Work 639

General Articles
- What Price Badoglio and the King? . . . . . Gaetano Salvemini 641
- Letter to a Filipino Woman . Carlos Bulosan 645
- Hitler's Danubian Vassals . Heinz H. F. Eulau 647
- Power Politics and Food . . . Helen Fuller 649
- A Lesson in Democracy . . Oliver Kirkpatrick 651
- Washington Notes . . . . . T. R. B. 652
- The Cardboard Star . . . Manny Farber 653
- Ballet at the Metropolitan . Virginia Mishnun 653
- The Bandwagon 654

Correspondence 655

Books in Review
- The Angry Man . . . . Isaac Rosenfeld 657
- Russia and a Russian . . Heinz H. F. Eulau 658
- In Search of America . . David T. Bazelon 659
- On the Future of Europe . Albert Guérard 660
- Uncle Toby . . . . . Silas Bent 660
- An Open Letter . . . . George Mayberry 661
- A Reader's List 661

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1943, IN THE U.S.A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and although on some details we have disagreed with him, his work has steadily pointed in the right direction. He has borne the brunt of the relations between the Treasury and Congress, testifying again and again in behalf of the former's proposals before the congressional committees concerned. Congress, however, has gone its own way, delaying and now finally frustrating an adequate fiscal program. Mr. Paul must know what is obvious to anyone else who has watched the situation —that the best of advice has no chance with legislators who are intent merely on discrediting the administration. In these circumstances his usefulness, or that of anyone else in his place, is at a minimum; he is being ground between two millstones without a chance of producing anything by his personal sacrifice.

The irresponsible temper of Congress could not be better illustrated than by the recent statement of Senator George, who congratulated the House Ways and Means Committee on rejecting the Treasury's recommendation for a tax boost of $10,500,000,000 and substituting a measure to raise only $2,000,000,000. Senator George has always pretended to stand for fiscal conservatism and was one of the loudest enemies of pre-war deficit financing. He knows, of course, that it will now be impossible to save anything like enough by economies to close the inflationary gap, to say nothing of balancing the budget. Yet, having objected to a deficit when it could serve a useful purpose, he now supports a tremendously larger one when inflation is an imminent danger. Before calculated recklessness of this kind, which is not confined to Senator George, Mr. Paul may well throw up his hands.

Free World

The third Free World Congress which was held in New York last week marked the coming of age of one of the most important political movements of recent years. Founded in 1941, the Free World Association took upon itself the complementary tasks of organizing the democratic elements of the world in the fight against fascism and of leading those elements to participate in the establishment of a durable peace. In the light of these aims, the American Free World Association denounced the lukewarm Connally resolution on foreign policy and favored the Pepper amendment which would definitely commit the United States to join with the other United Nations in a world organization. Such speakers as Julio Alvarez del Vayo made it clear that the Association spoke for the genuinely democratic peoples of the world and not for the shabby johnny-come-latelies who, faced with a certain United Nations victory, are trying to worm their way into the ranks of the victors. But of greater importance was the note struck by Orson Welles in the concluding speech in which he emphasized that the ideals and aspirations of the Association must be implemented by deeds.

Early in December a similar congress will be held at Montevideo at which representatives of the democratic forces of Latin America will meet to discuss and act upon their wartime responsibilities and post-war roles.

Drawing by M. Bernstein. Copyright, 1943, by Field Publications and reprinted by courtesy of PM

Carol Plans a Comeback

Heaven hath no angel like an exiled king. The latest voice to join the chorus of monarchical piety is that of King Carol of Rumania. According to a statement forwarded by George Messersmith, United States Ambassador to Mexico, King Carol has declared himself ready to serve the cause of democracy by returning to Rumania. He would like to help the Allied governments, whom he reminds that he fled into exile only when Nazi gunfire was turned on him, to form a Free Rumania "to take its rightful place alongside the other free governments."

It is not for us to pass on King Carol's credentials. The democratic forces in Rumania, with whom he was never very popular, will do so when the time comes. We should like to observe, however, that the more a king has on his conscience, by way of poor government, graft and political corruption, the more fervent become his protestations of love for democracy.

The Lights Go Up

Relaxation of dim-out regulations in American coastal areas is an encouraging sign that the war is going well. The direct evidence of how a country is faring at war is measured of course by military operations; but no less significant is the indirect internal evidence of how things go at home. In nations which are losing wars, regulations are stiffened and new ones are issued, at a mounting tempo which in the end approaches national hysteria. We have already seen at least the beginning of this trend in Germany.

It is pleasant to be able to look once more upon the lighted windows of a large city, staggered at varying depths in the darkness, which tell of the life going on behind them. It is nice to be able to look upon a row of jewel-like traffic lights, stretching half a mile down the curve of a hill. But it is of utmost importance that we keep in mind the fact that there are probably years

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of bloody fighting ahead of us, lest we ourselves give way to an optimistic incandescence that will serve the enemy well. It is good to see the lights go up; but Germany is still to be invaded, and there are long casualty lists ahead for us. If we forget this, the lights may yet go down.

German Morale

The reports of Swiss and other neutral journalists in recent weeks have spoken of the decline of German morale, attributing this decline in large measure to the constant Allied bombings. These reports may well be written with complete accuracy, and a splendid thing it would be, but to accept such stories without weighting them with other evidence would be most incautious.

It is a certainty of course that German morale has declined—but how much, and why, are questions about which we must be extremely realistic. No German (outside of the limited Underground) can be feeling as gay these days as he did in the summer months of 1940 when Hitler was preparing for his jaunt to London. Then it was impossible not to believe in victory, while today that belief must come hard. We know from the increasingly stern warnings and deeds of men like Himmler that the Nazi Party is relying less on national ebullience and more on fear. Yet it would be no trick at all for the Nazi propaganda chiefs to plant stories about the shattering of German morale by Allied bombings, in order to reinforce our reliance on bombing and weaken our resolve to open Germany up by invasion. The blasting of a city will certainly damage a nation's morale; but the taking of a city by an army can end a war. London was bombed and kept fighting, but when Paris was taken, France fell.

The account of an expatriated American prisoner who told of seeing a German soldier weep because he had been ordered to the Russian front is a good story to bear in mind in any consideration of German morale. It has of course declined, but obviously there is still enough German morale, like material, to support a war on one front and to sweat out the bombings. We must see now whether they have enough to face an invasion. We ourselves must have enough to support it when the time comes.

Post-War Education for Veterans

President Roosevelt has asked Congress to take early action on a billion-dollar program of education for discharged service men and women. The plan, to be federally financed but locally administered, would give every honorably discharged veteran the opportunity to spend a calendar year or less in whatever type of educational project he desired—college, technical institution, training within industry or farm. For a limited number with special aptitudes, the program would be open for a further period of one, two or three years. Tuition would be free and a certain amount of money for maintenance would also be provided to veterans participating in the plan.

It is encouraging that planning for this highly important program has gone on while the war is still being fought, and that specific authorization is being sought in good time to ready the mechanics for administering the plan. There is certain to be wide agreement with the statement the President made in presenting this proposal to Congress: "As a part of a general program for the benefit of the members of our armed services, I believe the nation is morally obligated to provide this training and education and the necessary financial assistance by which they can be secured. It is an obligation which should be recognized now; and legislation to that end should be enacted as soon as possible."

Are Miners People?

RENEWED TROUBLE in the coal mines, whether or not it leads to a general strike which might endanger victory in the war, underlines a great failure in human relations. Many miners, and sons of miners, are in the armed forces. The men who dig coal are presumably as eager as any group of comparable size in the country for the defeat of Hitler and Hirohito, and they are just as patriotic as other American citizens. They must know that a stoppage of the supply of coal at this time would be a national disaster. That they should have been forced to the point of even threatening it indicates an ugly rift in our social fabric, for which the leaders of the nation cannot escape responsibility.

The explanation that this is a personal duel between a stubborn, reckless labor leader and the President will not do. There has been such a duel, but if the miners were not behind the pressure that Mr. Lewis has been exerting, they would not have followed him any further than they did in 1940, when he advised them to vote for Mr. Willkie, and they cast most of their ballots for Mr. Roosevelt. Nor can their action be analyzed in the same terms as that of a political pressure group like the conservative farm organizations, whose leaders wield their influence in congressional lobbies. It is by no means sure that the individual members of the farm organizations would vote as their leaders do, but a miner who quits work—and many of them have been doing so in recent weeks even contrary to the instructions of Mr. Lewis—is taking a positive stand that must express not only his opinion, but strong emotion.

This bitter grievance is something that concerns far more than the dollars and cents immediately involved. It has been built up over a considerable period, and contains a number of components. The miners have felt, like other workers, the pressure of increased living costs, as well as the general run of common war sacrifices. If they had been convinced that this hardship was both necessary and equitably shared with the rest of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

population, they probably would have accepted it as people have accepted rationing of gasoline and meat—with some grumbling—but without threatening a blow at the nation's life. But they know that the farmers who are benefiting from the higher food prices are making larger incomes than ever in the history of the country. They know that their own employers, like corporations in general, are reaping unprecedented profits and could well afford to pay them enough to compensate for the higher cost of living, and more. They see no reason why they alone should be told that the national interest requires that they relinquish gains which others are making and which, without government intervention against them, they could make.

The government's campaign to hold down wages and prices is an attempt to curb inflation. Inflation, in the long run, hurts everybody, and labor most of all. Well and good. But if the government is trying to close the inflationary gap, and fears the effect of excess purchasing power in the hands of consumers, why does it permit the incomes of others to rise while it steps in only to forbid wage increases above the level permitted by a certain arbitrary formula? Why does it not as rigidly control farmers' incomes, the earnings of corporate executives, business profits themselves? The usual reply is that all these things are subject to heavy taxation. But the miner is not striking against taxes. Doubtless he would be glad to pay whatever taxes were required of the income bracket in which he happened to fall. Why should others be allowed to pocket the money and then make their contribution in taxes and the purchase of bonds, while workers alone are regulated as to the amount they may receive in the first place?

But this is not all. The people in places of governmental power who make the decisions which affect their lives are, many of them, from the ranks of those whom the miners have been fighting all their lives. Labor has a minimum of representatives in positions of responsibility. Congress has passed a law which infringes their fundamental right as trade unionists—the right to strike. This is a challenge to their sense of industrial citizenship. It remains the law of the land in spite of a presidential veto. They were dissuaded from continuing their former work stoppage only because the government took over the mines, and they were too patriotic to strike against the government. But many weeks passed, and although no adjustment of their grievances occurred, the government turned the mines back to the operators. A contract which they succeeded in negotiating with one section of their employers was held up and eventually rewritten by a governmental body. They still had no contract with their employers.

All this adds up to an impression that they are not regarded as citizens, or at least are second-class citizens. It must look to them as if those in power were not interested in discovering what their grievances were, or in remedying them. Apparently all that interested the people in Washington was to keep their wages down and keep them at work. Nobody seemed to care how they prospered or what they thought or felt, so long as they kept on producing coal. They appear to have concluded that the only way to stand on their own feet as men, and to compel attention, was to threaten the very victory of the nation, the continued existence of which is necessary for their right to any decent life at all.

It may be that the miners do not fully understand the gravity of the issues in this war. If so, they can hardly be blamed for dullness. The government, and when we say the government we mean Congress even more than the administration, has not been acting as if this were a war for democracy, freedom and a better life. Congress has even refused to grant any further funds to the Office of War Information for the purpose of explaining to the American people how the war is being fought, what the issues are and what is required of each of us. At any rate, here we are, with thousands of men from the mines in such a bitter frame of mind that they may stop the supply of as vital a war material as there is. No democracy at war is working when that can happen in it.

Fumbling with the Peace

THERE ARE some Senators to whom all of us should write letters this week. "Thank you" letters, for a change, to say how deeply we appreciate the fight they are waging to put our Senate on record as favoring the kind of strong international post-war organization we must have if peace is to be enforced in the future.

Sen. Claude Pepper of Florida deserves a special salute, but then, throughout the whole rocky period of the New Deal, we have come to expect Claude Pepper to take the lead when the going gets tough. He is one of sixteen Senators who are contending that the Connally resolution is vague, ambiguous and misleading as a statement of our future foreign policy. These men have been fighting for amendments to the Connally resolution which will make it clear to the world that the United States will join with other nations in the establishment and maintenance of an international organization to enforce the peace through the use of an international police force where necessary.

Here is the honor roll of fighting Senators:

Ball	Murray
Burton	Maybank
Hill	Eastland
Hatch	Kilgore
Pepper	Ferguson
Guffey	Truman
Austin	Andrews
Bridges	Mead

These, for the most part, are the younger, more vigorous men of the Senate. They are in deadly earnest

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about this fight. In the debate, which has been going on for many days, they have spoken to the point and well so that there could be no basis for accusing them of carrying on a filibuster against the Connally resolution. They are using the Senate floor. But sixteen Senators are not a majority. Public support for their position is rolling up to a new high, and it is reasonable to expect that additional Senators will still join the ranks of the internationalists. The isolationists are not yet entirely clear on what they intend to do. Most of them are keeping quiet and keeping off the Senate floor almost altogether, so that it is the more difficult to smoke them out from their position. But they seem reasonably satisfied with the weak Connally resolution which they know really does not commit this country to any definite policy of international collaboration after the war at all.

The high-water mark in obstructionism was the effort of Sen. Robert Reynolds of North Carolina to write into the resolution a passage guaranteeing the independence of the Baltic states. We doubt very much whether Senator Reynolds is any fountainhead of information about the Baltic states. It seems to us probable that these ideas have been suggested to him by someone who wanted to make trouble between the United States and Russia. Whatever should be the ultimate disposition of this territory, common sense should tell us that to attempt to pin down American policy now through a formal Senate resolution can only serve to divide the Allies and weaken the war effort.

Senator Connally and his supporters have made a deliberate effort through the press to distort the meaning of a statement which President Roosevelt made on the pending legislation at a press conference at the very height of the controversy. When asked if he considered the Connally resolution "adequate," the President declined to say that he did, and instead confined himself to saying that he highly favored a resolution, of a general nature, which would point out to the world that, after the war and in order to preserve the peace, the United States would join with other nations to that end. Obviously the Pepper amendment to the Connally resolution must fall into this category, for it is still of a very general nature even though it is considerably more specific than the original resolution. The substitute proposal which has been offered by the Senator from Connecticut, which seeks to define almost every word in a comprehensive pledge for international post-war organization, embodying a large part of the Atlantic Charter, replete with definitions, would be more nearly the kind of proposal of which the President was indicating his disapproval.

The churches, the peace organizations, groups like Free World, are beginning to make their wishes known to Washington. The CIO has now declared itself in favor of the Pepper amendment or some other more specific measure than the Connally resolution. It is essential that every effort be made by all organized groups in the country to urge the passage of a Senate resolution that will at least be clear enough in its terms to separate the appeasers from the non-appeasers when the votes are counted.

Doing the Nazis' Work

THE PROBLEM OF RUMOR-MONGERING has been with us since the beginning of time, but especially so since the outbreak of the war. And although it is doubtful whether it can be completely solved during a period of increased tension and anxiety, every effort should be made to immunize public opinion against the germs of hatred and dissension let loose by Nazi agents and native fascists, and spread by their innocent dupes.

The person in Detroit who first heard the whisper that a Negro had attacked a white man and then spread the rumor may have done so only out of a desire to share some interesting local gossip. But, actually, he thereby helped execute the plan envisaged by Hitler as early as 1934 when he told Hermann Rauschning: "It will be a simple matter for me to produce unrest and revolt in the United States, so that these gentry will have their hands full with their own affairs." Such rumors, however, because they deal with local incidents and upon superficial examination seem to have no bearing on world politics, are exactly the kind of insidious lies which may bring about conditions desired by the Nazi *Herrenvolk*.

A perfunctory study of rumors circulated since Pearl Harbor suffices to show that most of them deal with concrete situations and instances having "patriotic" implications. Most of these accusations are apparently leveled at the inefficient conduct of the war by the administration, at the insufficient contribution to the war effort on the part of certain groups of the population and at the bungling of actual war operations.

That Jews constitute a particularly conspicuous target in the campaign of lies and slander should be quite obvious in this, the eleventh year of Nazi psychological warfare. That, too, is part of Hitler's strategy, for, as he said to Rauschning: "Anti-Semitic propaganda in all countries is an almost indispensable medium for the extension of our political campaign." The hate rumors against the Jews, like the rumors against Negroes among the whites and among the whites against the Negroes, like those spread against aliens among native Americans and against labor among the middle and upper classes, consist mostly of "statements of fact" which the ordinary person, not fully armed with correct information and the proper discernment, naturally finds difficult to refute.

Here are only a few instances, taken at random. During the first months of the war the chief slander disseminated against the Jews was that they were not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

adequately represented in the armed forces and that many of them were evading the draft. Almost all the rumor clinics established in various cities for the sole purpose of checking the flood of gossip and fancy dealt with this typical and vicious Nazi lie. An example of local germ-spreading is the fairly recent whispering that Jews took jobs at the Brooklyn Navy Yard in order to evade the draft. Of course, a person not acquainted with personnel practices in this navy yard nor thoroughly immunized against the Nazi technique of inciting group against group may easily fall prey to this kind of insinuation. That it is a complete falsehood can, however, be demonstrated by citing the prerequisite for employment at the Brooklyn Navy Yard: a civil-service examination, indicating that ability alone is the determining factor. Moreover, these employees are by no means exempt from military service. Each month several hundred men in the yard are drafted. The length of deferment depends entirely upon the skill of the worker and the decision rests with the Navy Department, not with the individual worker. Furthermore, it can be stated authoritatively that only 10 percent of the skilled workers at the yard are Jews, while their number constitutes approximately 26.6 percent of the total population of New York City.

One way of counteracting the charge that Jews were not fully contributing to America's war effort would have been to publish statistics on the ever increasing number of Jews in the armed services and thereby to prove conclusively that they are proportionately represented like any other group of Americans. This, however, was an impossible task because the War Department has a firm and correct policy of not breaking down the figures on our armed forces according to religious denominations. So the rumor-monger confronted his credulous victim with an alleged "statement of fact" to which the uninformed person could give no well supported denial.

As the war progresses, however, this rumor is being refuted by real facts. The casualty lists from all battlefields and the feats of heroism of Jewish men on Bataan and Guadalcanal, on the hills of North Africa and Sicily, and in the air over Europe, have been telling the story of Jewish participation in the war so vividly that only a hired Nazi agent or an incurable bigot could dare to persist in slandering the Jewish group on this score. The testimony of the highest military leaders as to the representation of Jewish men in the armed services and their fine discipline and high qualities further repudiates the slander.

With the growing importance of food in America at war and the subsequent development of a black market, a new opportunity has arisen for the fifth-columnist and the dupe. The latter may be in this case a housewife standing in a Queens grocery shop and innocently repeating the glib accusation that New York City merchants guilty of black-market violations and responsible for food shortages and high prices are all Jews. Here, too, it can be proved that the accusation is entirely unfounded. Of course, in the kosher meat trade any black marketers there may have been were undoubtedly Jews. But any unbiased reader of New York daily newspapers could have come across scores of non-Jewish names in proceedings against business concerns in which both Jews and non-Jews were represented. Moreover, it was in the kosher meat trade that one of the city's strongest protests was made against OPA violations.

Many other accusations to the same effect could be quoted. But all of them would prove the same thesis, namely, that the rumor-monger presents himself always in the patriotic light of one who is eager only to further the war effort. The group which he makes his target is one which he seeks to show is sabotaging this endeavor.

In this fashion, the rabble-rouser is able to exploit any issue that happens to be of public concern. Anti-Semitic charges in the past have run the gamut from ritual murder to world domination. Whenever a willing ear could be found, Jews were charged with plotting the downfall of non-Jews.

So varied and so incredibly stupid are the charges brought against Jews that refutation is not always the most effective counter-weapon. The best remedy for all kinds of rumor-mongering is to instil in the minds of the masses the simple truth that one cannot fight Nazism and at the same time accept the Nazi theory of evil inherent in certain religious or racial groups. The great truth of democracy is that each individual is responsible for his own conduct, and that no group, as such, is morally inferior. This should be clear to each citizen, even if he cannot marshal all the facts in a given situation. He must realize that the mere mention of a particular group in connection with any kind of accusation is Nazism, pure and simple. Not only the group attacked, but the entire public and all its agencies fighting Nazism, must undertake the job of education.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

Editors: BRUCE BLIVEN, MALCOLM COWLEY, GEORGE SOULE, MICHAEL STRAIGHT, STARK YOUNG

Managing Editor: THOMAS SANCTON

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

Assistant Editors: ELIZABETH HULING, GEORGE MAYBERRY, ISAAC ROSENFELD

Contributing Editors: H. N. BRAILSFORD, VAN WYCK BROOKS, VARIAN FRY, JULIAN HUXLEY, ALFRED KAZIN, MAX LERNER, E. C. LINDEMAN, REXFORD GUY TUGWELL

Advertising Manager: E. G. WOOD

SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION, SIX DOLLARS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Southern State Normal School Library
Springfield, S. Dak.

What Price Badoglio and the King?

LAST MARCH gigantic strikes broke out in the industrial cities of northern Italy. The Fascist dictatorship was unable to forestall or repress that upheaval. The Fascists themselves had become bewildered and were no longer able to keep down the populace. It became apparent that the machine of repression had broken down. During the following months strikes and sabotage went on unabated. After the Allies conquered Tunisia and landed in Sicily, Mussolini lost whatever prestige he had left. When he proved unable to get from Hitler the help needed to withstand the American and British onslaught on the mainland, nobody, not even his most intimate confederates, not even his son-in-law, obeyed him any longer. He had become a dead weight. The King discarded him on July 25.

Mussolini's successor, Badoglio, announced that the treaty of alliance with Germany was still valid and war would go on. The Italians refused to coöperate in that war. Demonstrations for peace and liberty filled all the streets and squares of Italy.

To squelch those movements, Badoglio proclaimed martial law. The soldiers refused to fire on the populace. The Italian army disintegrated everywhere in July and August in the same way as, for different reasons but with analogous military results, the Russian army had disintegrated in 1917, the Austro-Hungarian army at the end of 1918, and the French army in June, 1940.

No correct interpretation of the events which took place in Italy during these last few months is possible if one does not take into account this total disintegration of the Italian army. By the beginning of August the King and Badoglio realized that they no longer had any army at their beck and call. They could no longer wage war, either with or against Nazi Germany. The only thing they could do was surrender.

Surrender to whom?

They had unseated and arrested Mussolini. They were therefore bound to foresee that if they surrendered to Hitler they would in their turn become Mussolini's prisoners. The only thing they could do was to surrender to the Americans and the British. They did so. Surrender was the only step they could take for their personal security. It was not a gift they were free to offer or withhold.

After they had surrendered they might have become prisoners of war. A soldier or an army chief who, being no longer in a position to fight, surrenders and becomes a prisoner of war, does not commit a dishonorable act. After the battle of Sedan, in September, 1870, Emperor Napoleon III surrendered and became a prisoner of war. The present King of Belgium is a prisoner of war, French, British, American and German soldiers, officers and army chiefs surrendered in France, in Asia and in Africa and were made prisoners of war. If the King and Badoglio, after surrendering, had become prisoners of war, they would have deserved pity and not contempt.

Let us assume, then, that this had happened. Since the King would have been made a prisoner of war, his sovereignty on the mainland would have been "suspended" in the same way as it had already been "suspended" in Sicily as a result of Allied military occupation.

No man or woman in Sicily or elsewhere worried much about the Royal House or the suspension of its sovereignty. The reason for such indifference is to be found in the fact that the present King, through his connivance for the last twenty years in all Mussolini's domestic and foreign policies, has utterly discredited royalty in Italy. He signed the death warrant of royalty on the day he joined hands with Mussolini in attacking France and Britain and he confirmed that death warrant on the day he joined hands with Mussolini in declaring war on the United States.

The correspondent of The New York Times has reported that Benedetto Croce, the world-renowned philosopher, and his friends "have turned against their King"; Croce "had nothing but harsh words for Victor Emmanuel and his family who had always yielded to the Fascists and demeaned themselves." Croce "would like to see an Italian republic." "He does not feel that the people want Victor Emmanuel or his son. Even if the Allies reinstate them in Rome, he does not believe they will remain long on the throne" (The New York Times, September 30 and October 16). Croce belongs to the most conservative wing of the anti-Fascist movement. Don Luigi Sturzo, the potential leader of the Christian Democratic Party in tomorrow's Italy, agrees that a republic has become inevitable there. Arturo Toscanini condemned "the faint-hearted and degenerate" King, and advocates an Italian republic. There is unanimity among all representative Italians.

After the King's and Badoglio's surrender the war would have gone on in the same way on the mainland as it had in North Africa and Sicily, and as in actual fact it is now going on.

While the war continued, the American and British military authorities would have kept public peace in the occupied territories. After the actual fighting had subsided, the local population of each town could have been allowed to reorganize its associations, local governments and political parties, and to start free papers.

Under the Fascist regime mayors were not elected, as in the pre-Fascist regime, by the citizens, but were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chosen by the government from nominations of the local Fascist chieftains. Associations of employers and professional men, and unions of clerks and laborers, also were run not by secretaries elected by the membership, as in the pre-Fascist regime: secretaries were chosen by the directors of the Fascist Party and wielded a despotic power over the members.

These organizations might have been made use of as the cornerstones of a new democratic regime. The membership of each association might have been summoned with the least possible delay to choose a secretary in whom they had confidence. The members know each other. They know who, during the past twenty years, had not become auxiliaries of the Fascist evildoers. When the members of the trade organizations had elected their new secretaries, the latter would have been asked to designate the provisional mayor of the city or town. Thus the first nucleus of a new local government would have been set up, under the supervision, of course, of the Allied powers. Then after, let us say, three, or at the most six, months of this provisional regime, the electorate would have been summoned to elect, by universal suffrage, their permanent municipal administration.

Italian trade unions numbered 3,300,000 members in 1920 before they were smashed by fire and sword, and they were led by decent men and not by racketeers. The worst city governments in pre-Fascist Italy were no worse than many of those in the United States and not a few of them were better than our best. Men who were twenty-five or thirty years of age twenty years ago are now forty-five or fifty—that is, at the height of their physical and intellectual strength. They would soon mend the broken thread of political experience and take care of themselves.

Meanwhile Italian volunteers might, nay should, have been summoned to gather and fight against Mussolini and Hitler side by side with British and American soldiers. During the Spanish civil war 3,000 Italian volunteers gathered in Spain with no help from any government, and 500 of them lost their lives. For the past two years the American and British governments were repeatedly implored to allow the formation of an Italian legion. In vain. What was not done yesterday might have been done today. There is no doubt that within a few weeks some thousand Italian volunteers from North and South America, Britain, Sicily, Sardinia and the Italian mainland would have taken the place of American and British youth in Italy. Other Italians would have followed their example.

After Rome had been rescued from the Germans, the mayors of the liberated provinces might have been summoned to choose a delegate from each province who would go to Rome. Here the delegates would have set up a provisional government.

We may be sure that this provisional government would have consisted of new men who had no links with the Fascist regime, and who had had no responsibility in the German treaty of alliance of 1939. With clean hands and heads held high, they would have declared null and void a treaty that had been imposed upon the unwilling Italian people by Mussolini and his gang. They should have been regarded as friends and not as hired mercenaries of America and Britain. They would take stock of the fact that Italy was no longer a military power and could therefore not demand absurd privileges. They would only have asked the British government to instruct their agents in Sicily to cease underhand maneuvers aimed at politically severing Sicily from the Italian mainland, and they would have asked for a public pledge from America and Britain that the Italian populations of Gorizia, Trieste and western Istria would not be detached from Italy and handed over to Yugoslavia as if they were cattle.

Then the provisional government would have declared war on Germany and with American and British help would have raised a new conscripted army to join the volunteers who were already on the spot.

At the end of the war, a National Constituent Assembly would be elected by the people. It would decide whether to keep royalty or to adopt a republican form of government. When a regular government had been established, the peace treaty would have been signed, and the armed occupation would have come to an end.

Thus the passage from the Fascist to the democratic regime would have taken place with the least possible amount of strife or civil war. And America and Britain, by causing the breakdown of the Fascist structure, enforcing public peace during the cooling-off period and allowing the Italians to reorganize themselves according to their own wishes, would have gained worldwide respect and gratitude.

Things turned out differently. The King and his Badoglio not only surrendered but also agreed to an armistice, and to cap the climax, they pledged themselves to act as "co-belligerents" against their former ally.

The treaty of alliance with Hitler of May, 1939, explicitly forbade a separate armistice and a separate peace, to say nothing of "co-belligerency" with the enemy. That treaty was negotiated, agreed upon and signed not only by Foreign Minister Ciano, not only by Mussolini as head of the government, but also by the King as head of the state. By agreeing to the armistice and then to "co-belligerency," the King committed an overt act of perfidy and treachery. It was treachery even if it was done against a criminal like Hitler. A gangster does not become a gentleman if he betrays, not a gentleman, but another gangster. The King of Italy first forsook his oath to the Constitution of the realm and associated with Mussolini for twenty years in the betrayal of the Italian people; then he associated with Hitler in an attempt to betray all the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peoples of Europe; then he betrayed Mussolini; then he betrayed Hitler. Whom will he betray tomorrow?

When the treaty with Germany was negotiated and signed, Badoglio was chief of all Italian armed forces. Without his approval neither the King nor Mussolini would have agreed to the treaty. Thus he was as responsible as the King for the treaty. And no less than the King, he dishonored himself, not by surrendering but by the armistice and the "co-belligerency."

We are being told that the King of Italy is the symbol of the sovereign power and as such commands the allegiance of the army and the civil service. Therefore we need him.

Symbols cease to command allegiance as soon as they have become targets for hatred and contempt. The King of Italy has become a symbol of cowardice, defeat and treachery. In England Charles the First was the symbol of sovereign power and commanded the allegiance of the army and the civil service, but the English beheaded that symbol. Another symbol of the sovereign power in England, James II, had to decamp in order not to be beheaded like the first symbol. And a third symbol, Edward VIII, was put out of commission owing to the fact that he wanted to marry a woman who had already had two husbands. France also had her symbol, Louis XVI, and beheaded it in 1793, and then during the nineteenth century got rid of four more symbols. Russia got rid of her symbol in 1917, and Austria-Hungary and Germany of about forty symbols in 1918. It is beyond human understanding why Italy alone has to swallow her symbol forever.

The Naples aqueduct had to be repaired. I am sure that no one in Naples or vicinity waited for orders from the symbol before taking a hand in repairing the aqueduct. Nobody in his senses will maintain that all railway men, street cleaners, elementary school teachers and so forth in southern Italy would have refused to serve if the sovereignty of the symbol had been suspended.

In the northern section of Italy which is now under Nazi control, while junior officers, soldiers and civilians were fighting desperately against the Germans with few or no weapons, and without orders from the King or Badoglio, most army chiefs did nothing to oppose the Germans. The commandant of the Milan garrison surrendered the city without further ado. Marshal Graziani has gone over to Mussolini's side. This shows the extent to which the symbol is obeyed even by men who were bound to him by a personal oath of fealty, and who served under his flag for fifty years. (Marshal Graziani, by the way, was sold to us last spring, by newspapermen who knew the secrets of the gods in London and Washington, as an anti-Fascist ready to jump over to our side.)

Among the hundreds of thousands of men scattered in Greece, in Sardinia, in France, in the Aegean Islands, the junior officers and soldiers, as a rule, disbanded. Most of the chiefs went over to the Germans. In Yugoslavia some units are fighting beside the Partisans, some with Mihailovich, still others on the side of the Germans. In short, each of these men followed his own promptings without giving a thought to the King or his Badoglio. The alleged authority of the symbol over the Italian army officers does not exist.

The navy, numbering 102 ships, came over to our side wholesale. Were those ships delivered by the King and Badoglio, or were they bound to come over to our side anyway as a result of the disintegration of the land forces?

A fleet which has lost its land bases can either put itself under the enemy who got the control of the land, or go the other way or scuttle itself. Even if some of the navy chiefs had had the idea of going with Hitler, they could not have done so because hatred for the Nazis and the Fascists was as prevalent among the junior officers and the men of the navy as among the whole Italian people. Thus the only choice left to them was either scuttling their ships or coming over to our side. If they had scuttled their ships, they would have had to go to the mainland and surrender to the Nazis. Symbol or no symbol, the ships could only come over to our side.

Our "realists" warn us that we must win the war with the least possible loss in lives of American and British boys, and claim that this is what our rulers are doing in Italy.

No sane man can dispute the statement that we must try to win the war with the least possible loss in human lives. But has one single life of one single American or British boy been saved by the Badoglio deal?

When Badoglio surrendered there was no longer any Italian army under his command anywhere. He was not capable of organizing any defense, even in the city of Rome, against a possible German onslaught. The only thing he could do was to flee from Rome with the King, and entrust the government of the city to Count Calvi di Bergolo, son-in-law of the symbol. This man surrendered to the Germans without a fight, and showed signs of life only to the extent of warning the citizens that anyone resisting or concealing arms would be court-martialed and shot. Badoglio was unable to inform our army chiefs that the Germans were waiting for them at Salerno. This means that he lacked even the most rudimentary intelligence service. While negotiating with Badoglio our leaders had not realized that there was no longer an Italian army. They had counted on getting that army. They got two white elephants, a Marshal and a King.

A work of moral and polical reëducation should be carried on among the sailors who man the ships, the soldiers who have disbanded and the hundreds of thousands of war prisoners before they can be brought again

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the fighting front. This work requires great skill and time. For three years our political warfare against the Italian people and the Italian soldiers and sailors was based on no more than three ideas: "Do not fight for the Germans; surrender to us and you will have peace." Never were those people told that surrender would not bring them peace; never were they told to revolt against Mussolini and the King and be prepared for war. Now, suddenly, they are told that they must go to war.

If the British Ministry of Information had not for three years been so stupid as to make fun of the men on the Italian warships who had done everything they could under desperate conditions, the Italian navy might have been put to use more speedily than it can be after three years of foolish political warfare. What is not possible today may become possible within a few months. But one must not ask for quick miracles.

Italian liberals have been clamoring without success since 1941 for work of moral and political reëducation to be organized among war prisoners. Nothing was done. The prisoners were left to the care of Fascist officers, non-commissioned officers and chaplains. The work which was not done during the last three years should be started now. But quick miracles should not be expected in this field either.

Unfortunately, Badoglio's "co-belligerency" has made very difficult, if not altogether impossible, any reëducation among soldiers and prisoners of war. One cannot carrry out any work of reëducation in the name of a King who is responsible for all Italy's misfortunes and is held in contempt by everybody. By the threat of death you can force the common man to go to war and even to fight. But he will fight badly and desert you at the first encounter. If he is to act as a man and not as a motor car or a horse, you have to provide him with some moral principle which is worth fighting and dying for. What moral principle can Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt inscribe on the banner of the King of Italy?

As for the volunteers who should have acted as the spearhead of the new Italian armed forces, it has become idle to speak of them any longer outside Italy. No self-respecting man will serve as volunteer under the royal flag, symbol of treachery and dishonor.

To be sure, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt did not need to concern themselves with the King's and Badoglio's honor when they received them into their fold. Nobody has constituted them as keepers of the honor of the kings and marshals of this world. They were not bound to question whether they were dealing with gentlemen or traitors. They had only to ask whether or not they were doing a stroke of good business. But apart from the question whether they really did good business, they are not entitled to force the Italians to be ruled in Italy and represented outside Italy by traitors.

In his address of September 21, Mr. Churchill told the Italian liberals that at this juncture "people cannot be more nice than wise." If instead of summoning the Italians to coöperate with the King and Badoglio, Mr. Churchill had asked the King and Badoglio to get out, and then had summoned the Italians to coöperate with the United Nations against Germany, the overwhelming majority of the Italian liberals would no doubt have shown that they know how to be both nice and wise. But Mr. Churchill first received the King and Badoglio into his fold and then summoned the Italians to be wise and not nice, that is: to give up all nice sense of honor and join the wise fold of traitors.

I know the Italians from having been born and educated among them, and from having studied their history and mind for half a century. I happen to know quite a few of those men and women who were working in the Italian underground at the risk of concentration camp, jail or death, at the time that Mr. Churchill was proudly stating that had he been an Italian he would have donned the Black Shirt.

I am sure that all decent men and women in Italy are deeply disgusted with Mr. Churchill's moral preachings. I am sure that they will answer Mr. Churchill's wise but not nice teachings with one single word: No.

When one has balanced all the pros and cons, one is left wondering how many American and British lives will be saved by this disheartening and embittering against America and Britain of Hitler's and Mussolini's foes in Italy.

To soothe the uneasiness which has been created everywhere by the Badoglio deal, our press on October 12 stated that Badoglio in person had announced that "in no way [is] the untrammeled right of the people of Italy to choose their own form of democratic government when peace is realized" impaired. In addition, on the same day, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Stalin joined hands in stating that the "three governments acknowledge the Italian government's pledge to submit to the will of the Italian people after the Germans have been driven from Italy, and it is understood that nothing can detract from the absolute and untrammeled right of the people of Italy by constitutional means to decide on the democratic form of government they will eventually have."

The truth of the matter is that Badoglio did not say that the Italian people would choose their own "form of democratic government." He only said that "at the end of the war the Italian people will be free to choose through elections the *government* they want" (*"finita la guerra, il popolo italiano sarà libero di scegliere in elezioni il governo che più gli è gradito"*). In Italian the word "government" does not mean "form of government" but "the administration" or "the cabinet ministers."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Even if Badoglio's pledge had not been, let us say, mistranslated, it was given by Badoglio and not by the King. The day Badoglio is dismissed from his post and another man steps into his shoes, his pledge vanishes into thin air. Even had the pledge been given by the King, it would be worth about as much as the oath of allegiance taken by the King to the Italian Constitution on his accession to the throne, or as his signature to the German treaty of May, 1939.

When the war is over, the King and Badoglio will have at hand an army equipped by America and Britain. This army will have no weapons which might allow it to wage a foreign war, but it will be efficient in civil war. The Pope in the Vatican City keeps a Swiss Guard, not to wage war but to "keep law and order" there. The King's and Badoglio's army will be a kind of Swiss Guard entrusted with the task of stamping down what Mr. Churchill terms "chaos and anarchy." They *will* be in a position to interfere effectively with the right of the Italian people to manifest their will.

Our "realists" tell us that they are only interested in winning the war and are not concerned with the issue of fascism or no fascism. The truth of the matter is that they *are* concerned with the issue. They are endeavoring to force the Italian, the American and the British people to choose either a pro-German brand of fascism with Mussolini or a pro-Allied brand of quasi-fascism without Mussolini.

GAETANO SALVEMINI

Letter to a Filipino Woman

DEAR MRS. LOPEZ: I was informed that when your husband was murdered by the Japanese you fled to the mountains and continued his gallant work. It seems so long since I met you and your husband in Los Angeles, when you were on your way to New York to attend the American Writers' Congress. And I lost touch with you when you went to Europe; then again when you returned to the Philippines.

That was a long journey for both of you, from the Philippines to America and then to Europe. Hitler was about ready to start his monstrous war against humanity. But it gave S. P.,[1] as we used to call your husband, a clearer perspective of our country and a deeper understanding of our history. As we all know, he came from the peasantry. It was for the peasants that he wrote exuberantly because he, above all other writers in the Philippines, understood the function of literature in the building of society. He wanted to record and interpret our hopes as a people, desiring the fullest fulfilment of our native genius. He spoke with a strong voice, objective in criticism, protest and challenge, because it was the most effective way to combat any abortive decadence in our culture.

S. P. could have escaped death, but he heroically kept to his task. He knew beyond any shadow of a doubt that this is a war of survival. He had a wonderful dream for our people; he also had a strong hold on our history. He showed it to us in his magnificent, lyrical book, "Literature and Society."

When I think of the cruelty of the Japanese, I cannot help thinking of your frail, childlike body, hiding in dangerous mountains, at the mercy of privation and dreaded diseases. It has fallen upon you to inspire continued resistance against the enemy, and to fight equally on all three fronts in order to vanquish him completely. First, you are resisting aggression with everything that our people can use; second, you are winning backward elements over to the camp of resistance; third, you are annihilating all that is corrupt and rotten in our national life. These are the fundamentals of your husband's broad vision of our native land; but they are also the realities that he wanted us to grasp in full.

It was S. P. who first achieved the needed articulation of social ideas in the Philippines. He had hopes that our culture would bloom as it should in our time. We were nearing what would have been the most significant achievement of our generation when Japan invaded our country and destroyed our freedom. We would have been able to focus our virginal talents on a new vista of literature, that is, to speak to the Filipino masses and to be understood by them.

Yes, S. P. is not dead to us who have searched for the mainsprings of our great tradition in the welter of imported middle-class ideals and illusions. He who had discovered the origins of our love for freedom, who had interpreted our history in terms of liberty, will live immortally with us like José Rizal, who gave us the finest seed of our culture. Some of us, even among our own people, would have learned to hate S. P. for the brave democratic ideas that he advocated; but he knew that history is on our side, and fascism is the antagonist of culture and civilization.

This is the greatest responsibility of literature in our time: to find in our national struggle that which has a future. Literature is a growing and living thing. We must destroy that which is dying, because it does not die by itself. We must interpret the resistance against the enemy by linking it with the stirring political awakening of the people and those liberating progressive forces that call for a complete social consciousness.

[1] Salvador P. Lopez, who was the most important Filipino writer in English, continued, after the fall of Bataan and Corregidor, to inspire resistance against Japan through a hidden radio station, "The Voice of Freedom." He was murdered along with several others, which was actually the beginning of the ruthless reprisal against Filipino intellectuals. – C. B.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As I write this sentence, I hear that a soldier is being decorated for bravery. Your husband was also a hero, but his heroism is of a different nature. It is a heroism of the spirit: a heroism of building a new society. I can understand his heroism because I live in a country which is, like the Philippines, fighting courageously on many fronts in order that the shackled forces of industry will flow for all. We are engaged in the gigantic task of building a new America. Whatever we are doing, we are all working toward a democratic society.

We in America understand the many imperfections of democracy and the malignant disease which has been corroding its very heart. That is why in this war we are bringing into the light our real aims and purposes. We are united in the effort to make an America in which the common man can find happiness. It has been his unhappy lot to suffer the injustices of a system that suppresses his aspirations for a better life.

It is this feeling for democracy that binds me to the memory of your husband. I remember his poignant remark when I told you before you left that for a long time I was illiterate and miserable in America. He said: "It is a great wrong that anyone in America, whether he be white or brown, should be illiterate or hungry or miserable." The story of my struggle toward clarity of thinking and living is symptomatic of the revolutionary march of the people toward a better life.

I wanted to live in an America where there is freedom for all regardless of color, station and beliefs. This deep conviction had led me to study the lives of the great Americans; from their examples I found what they wanted to do for this continent. They worked with unselfish devotion toward one goal, that is, to use the power of the myriad peoples in the service of America's freedom. They made it their guiding principle. In this we are the same, because even before the war you fought for a Philippines where a man should be given unconditional opportunities to cultivate his potentialities and restore him to his rightful dignity.

It is but fair to say that America is not a land of one race or one class of men. We are all America that have toiled and suffered and known oppression and defeat, from the first Indian that died in Manhattan to the last Filipino that bled to death in the foxholes of Bataan. America is not bound by geographical latitudes. America is not merely a land or an institution. America is in the hearts of men that died for freedom; it is also in the eyes of men that are building a new world. America is the prophecy of a new society of men: of a system that knows no sorrow or strife or suffering. America is a warning to those who would try to falsify the ideals of free men.

America is also the nameless foreigner, the homeless refugee, the hungry boy begging for a job and the black body dangling from a tree. America is the illiterate immigrant who is ashamed that the world of books and intellectual opportunities is closed to him. We are all that nameless foreigner, that homeless refugee, that hungry boy, that illiterate immigrant and that lynched black body. All of us, from the first Adams to the last Bulosan, native born or alien, educated or illiterate—*We are America!*

Now America is in mortal danger, within and without, from selfishness and greed, from the terror of the powerful who want more power, and from the unenlightened who fear new ideas. Like you and those who defended Bataan, we in America will refuse all offers of appeasement or compromise. No price is too high to pay for freedom; those who lack the courage to pay for it have no place in America. He who has not the courage to choose death instead of slavery is not a free man.

We will stand by America always, and renew the grand epic of democracy that *was* hers. We will interpret her in a language relevant to the understanding and the living of the common man, by using only the words and thinking the thoughts that he is desperately trying to reach. The common man is intuitively seeking the secret of fighting the war, because he is intuitively seeking the secret of fighting the peace. He is awakening to the necessity of a central democratic consciousness of universal freedom.

So, whether you are in the Philippines or in the United States, you are a part of the growing consciousness of universal freedom. When Japan attacked Manila and Pearl Harbor, and American writers stirred the democratic conscience of the world, we were all passing through a heroic conflict not unlike the heroism through which your husband passed through to death. I can understand why S. P. stood his ground. He had no sympathy for those who tried to annihilate our people's freedom with their philosophy of darkness.

S. P. wanted to abolish tenantry in our country; it was the blight of our national life. He advocated universal education, cultural revival, literary revaluations, popularization of folklore, rediscovery of our history, alliances with writers in other countries, and discussed these things in a language pertinent to our national struggle for liberty. But the terror of Japanese imperialism is let loose in the world, and you in the Philippines and we in America have a common enemy.

We who are free will supply the human inspiration to resist aggression to the end. I know that out of this struggle will come a new race of men, and history will flow forward again.

The old world is dying, but a new world is being born. It generates inspiration from the chaos that beats upon us all. The false grandeur and security, the unfulfilled promises and illusory power, the number of the dead and those who are about to die, will charge the forces of our courage and determination. The old world will die so that the new world will be born with less sacrifice and agony for the living. . . .

This is all that I can say about him who was your dear husband and my good friend. CARLOS BULOSAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hitler's Danubian Vassals

At the time of Italy's surrender peace rumors began to circulate in the capitals of Rumania, Hungary and Bulgaria. Ever since, news dispatches from neutral countries sporadically report the arrival of mysterious envoys from Hitler's Danubian vassal states, seeking contact with the Allied powers in connection with possible armistice negotiations. How substantial are these rumors and reports? Who and what is behind them? What is the political situation in these countries at the present time? Is it likely that the three satellites will pull out of the war prior to German military collapse? No general answer can be given to any one of these questions. Each country has its peculiar problems and difficulties. But comparison of their mutual dilemma may give a common clue to the recent wave of peace rumors.

On June 26, 1940, the Russian Foreign Secretary handed an ultimatum to the Rumanian Minister in Moscow, demanding the immediate cession of Bessarabia and northern Bukovina. No wonder that a year later, when Germany attacked the Soviet Union, it was not difficult to work up some enthusiasm for the war in Rumania. But if the Rumanians expected that the war would be limited to the reconquest of the two lost provinces, they were greatly disappointed. However, only a few officers refused to carry the campaign deep into Russia, and they were promptly executed.

Today Rumania is exhausted. Of the thirty divisions mobilized at the outbreak of war, hardly more than six were left after Stalingrad. Rumania's losses in manpower are variously estimated at from 400,000 to 500,000. The early enthusiasm for the war has waned. It cannot even be resuscitated by the fantastic German promise that Rumania will be rewarded for her sacrifices with the "pure Rumanian city" of Odessa. For Odessa is a hateful name to the Rumanians whom the Germans slaughtered by forcing them to take the first shock of battle in the conquest of that city.

Responsible for the political and military blunder of Rumania's going to war with the Soviet Union is her dictator, General Ion Antonescu, a German puppet who is kept in power only by German bayonets. In view of the German strangle-hold on Rumania it is doubtful that the opposition has much chance of overthrowing the Antonescu regime before the Germans leave. On January 30, 1943, Dr. Juliu Maniu, leader of the once numerically strong Peasant Party, and George Bratianu, leader of the powerful Liberal Party whose members once controlled Rumania's economic and financial life, in a letter to Antonescu demanded that "the whole army should be immediately brought back into the country and kept, reorganized and well equipped, in the interior, with the purpose of defending the frontiers and the internal security." This demand shows fear of social revolution as strongly as it does opposition to the war. Revolution in Rumania is only delayed by the presence of German troops.

A wave of sabotage, now sweeping through Rumanian war plants, has necessitated the declaration of martial law in war factories. The decline in oil production, partly the result of the American bombardment of the Ploesti oil fields, partly also the result of intentional slow-down on the part of the workers, has forced the Germans to whip "all enterprises engaged in the production and distribution of crude oil and the by-products and gases of petroleum" into a single Nazi-controlled organization. Internal unrest has become so strong that the Rumanian government had to reject a Nazi request for increased "coöperation" in the Balkans. Peasant successes in concealing grain similarly obliged the government to refuse new large-scale deliveries in foodstuffs to Germany.

Will Antonescu desert the Axis in the near future? In all likelihood he will not and cannot. He is a German captive as much as some other Balkan Quislings. Over his head Hitler keeps dangling Horia Sima, the exiled leader of Rumania's fascist Iron Guard, which Antonescu ruthlessly suppressed some years ago. On the other hand, Antonescu is continuously blackmailing his country into submission by the threat of turning the government over to Sima, whom the people hate and fear even more than his own regime.

Rumania has been characterized as the "sucker nation" of Europe. Indeed, there is a widespread feeling in the country that Hungary is profiting from the war at Rumania's expense. The German-enforced alliance of the two countries is one of the paradoxes of the war. For both nations resent the arbitrary German decision of August 30, 1940, by which Rumania ceded to Hungary the northern part of Transylvania, long a serious trouble-maker in the relations of the two countries. While the Rumanians do not like the German arbitration, the Hungarians claim that they did not get enough. Each hopes that the other will be so weakened by the war as to be unable to put up any resistance to future military occupation. Border clashes are frequent. It is a fair assumption that Rumanian and Hungarian revisionists would rather fight each other than the Soviet Union.

There is some truth in the Rumanian assertion that Hungary has suffered less under the German yoke than the other satellite nations. Her internal policy has to some extent, on the surface at least, remained relatively independent. This has been chiefly due to the fact that her rulers, men like Regent Nicholas Horthy and Prime Minister Nicolas Kallay, have con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sistently played the Axis game for years past. Their hold on the country has as yet been unchallenged. Present-day Hungary still represents a feudal regime where a small class of great landed proprietors control an apathetic peasant proletariat practically destitute of rights. Hence the ruling clique can permit such criticism as was voiced last spring in the Hungarian sham parliament by Charles Peyer, leader of the Social-Democratic Party, who openly declared that "the Hungarian government is leading the country toward complete catastrophe. This war cannot end without a deep social revolution and the victory of real socialism."

But Hungary's rulers know that a social revolution is still far from imminent. While the people resent restrictions on food and clothing, limitations on travel, the presence of Gestapo agents and German arrogance, there has been little active resistance and no large-scale sabotage. Only recently have signs of popular dissatisfaction been visible. Losses sustained on the Russian front and the exportation of workers to the Reich for work in war factories have aroused serious opposition. Parliament was convoked in October as a concession to the Social-Democrats and the Small Farmers' Party. But active unrest is restricted to occupied areas in Yugoslavia and the territory regained from Rumania. Widespread discontent is still submerged by Hungary's ephemeral territorial gains, accredited to her successful revisionist foreign policy.

Hungary's relative political independence does not mean that the Nazis do not have a firm grip on the country. They control her agriculture by means of a system of monopolistic purchasing agencies through which alone the farmers can sell their products. Similarly, commercial and industrial firms are Nazi-controlled, either directly or indirectly, by Nazi stooges. The press is strictly controlled in favor of Germany.

What Hungary's ruling clique fears most is that the war may be carried to her very heart. They know that Hitler's line of retreat is running along the Danube and Tisza Valleys. In the expectation of Allied air raids, Budapest authorities have already begun the evacuation of children from the capital. And the government is preparing to jump on the Allied bandwagon. To create good will the controlled Budapest radio is now broadcasting Allied news and communiqués. Count Stephen Bethlen, leader of the coalition of middle and right parties and a personal friend of Admiral Horthy, is being groomed as an "anti-Nazi" and the man with whom the Allies might make a deal. The Germans might spoil this plan by assuming full political control of the country. But the Hungarian ruling clique nevertheless places much hope for its continued stay in power on an Allied appeasement policy for which it finds such an encouraging precedent in Italy's surrender.

Bulgaria's political situation differs from that in the other vassal states in two respects. No Bulgarian troops are fighting as yet on the Russian front—nor will the Nazis force them to fight, if they have any political astuteness, since the Bulgarian people are unalterably opposed to war against Russia. Bulgaria, furthermore, has a well organized and fearlessly active underground movement. But in all other respects she is as much a German-occupied country as Rumania and Hungary. The members of the newly appointed regency council which took over the government after the mysterious death of King Boris—Prince Cyril, brother of the late King, former Prime Minister Bogdan Piloff, who had signed the Axis pact, and War Minister Nicola Mischoff—are trusted friends of Germany. So is the new Prime Minister, Peter Gabrovski.

But in spite of the German occupation Bulgaria is in the midst of what amounts to civil war. The assassination of King Boris represented the climax in a long series of political murders of more than a hundred prominent Axis sympathizers, among them General Christo Lukoff, a former War Minister, whom the Germans had selected as the Bulgarian Quisling. High cabinet officers, including Piloff and Gabrovski, escaped assassination only by luck. All this indicates a persistent plan on the part of Bulgaria's underground to liquidate the entire pro-German ruling clique.

Sabotage and violence are widespread. Mass arrests after open demonstrations are suggestive of the strength of the underground. In the early part of the year thousands of workers, students and pro-Russian sympathizers attacked police stations in Sofia and other cities. Other demonstrations followed in rapid succession. The undeclared civil war reached its climax on May Day when demonstrators, organized by the underground, assembled on Sofia's famous boulevard Tzar Osvoczil. The government left the city. More than seven hundred arrests were made. A few days later, after the burial of a German henchman assassinated by the underground, the police and military units had to fire on demonstrating crowds with machine guns. On May 12 another pitched battle followed in the center of Sofia.

The Germans, striving to stem the ever increasing tide of revolt, are applying their well tried recipe of racial persecution. Turks and Jews are ruthlessly imprisoned. But no police measures suffice to quell the unrest. The peasants, constituting 80 percent of the population, are tired of feeding the German army quartered in the Balkans. The country is denuded of adequate stocks for current consumption. There are notable shortages of food, clothing and domestic goods. Moreover, the Bulgarian peasants, who hold their land in absolute freehold and are used to a long democratic tradition as a result of communal ownership of pasture and woodland, are fed up with German arrogance and contempt for their allies even more than with food requisitioning.

Indeed, the Peasant Party, which offers great active resistance, is the most powerful rallying point for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bulgaria's revolutionary elements, even though some of its leaders, like Nicola Petkoff, are in custody and others in exile. The Communists are also very active. They are aided by the fortuitous circumstance of traditional Russo-Bulgarian friendship. The exact strength of these opposition groups is difficult to assess. And they must not be confused with the official "tolerated" opposition, frequently mentioned in the daily press, which is led by former Prime Minister Nicola Muchanoff. The activities of the "tolerated" opposition will remain farcical maneuvers as long as Bulgaria is under the German heel.

The most effective opposition, at least from the point of view of taking Bulgaria out of the war, may well come from the lower ranks of the army. Many reserve officers belong to the Zveno, a military organization uncompromising in its opposition to the unpopular war. The army recognizes the futility of opposing an invasion with the obsolete equipment received from the Germans. Like the Italians, they will surrender not because they are cowards, but because they do not know what they are fighting for. The territorial gains which Bulgaria has reaped only please the small, chauvinistic ruling class which dreams of a "Greater Bulgaria," but has bet on the wrong horse in both world wars. Most of the soldiers are simple peasants who want to go home to their villages, their families and their land. They will do so when the opportunity comes with an Allied invasion. Until then Bulgaria will continue her role as a German satellite.

How much credence should therefore be given to the rumors and reports that the governments of all three countries are putting out peace feelers? The key to this question is the beneficial treatment accorded to General Badoglio and the House of Savoy by their Anglo-American conquerors. The rulers of Rumania, Hungary and Bulgaria have good reason to believe that they may well expect a similarly favorable reception, should they succeed in extricating themselves in time from their German misalliance.

The ruling classes of Rumania, Hungary and Bulgaria know that their power rests to a large extent on their willingness to be Hitler puppets. Their only political aim is to stay in power. But they see the handwriting on the wall. They sense that Hitler's defeat may mean their own fall. The peace rumors are well planned and have a dual purpose. Circulated at home, they serve to keep the dissatisfied population in hand by their implied promise of an early peace. Abroad they are intended to give the impression that in reality the present governments are innocent victims of German aggression, drawn into the war against their real wishes. The ultimate purpose of the peace rumors, of course, just as with their present war policies, is the self-perpetuation of the present ruling classes and the supression of any violent change in the existing social system through popular revolution.

HEINZ H. F. EULAU

Power Politics and Food

THE FIRST REAL TEST of our sincerity about the United Nations technique of international cooperation is upon us. Within a few days representatives of all the United Nations and some of their associated nations will meet at the White House to sign an agreement for world relief and rehabilitation. They are coming together at our invitation. The agreement they sign will establish the first definite United Nations organization. Then will come our test. Will we dare to make of the new United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration the strong executive force it should be or will we cling to our present system of Anglo-American Combined Boards behind a weak "policy-making" or "advisory" UNRRA?

The fact that UNRRA is to be born at all is a cheering development. It indicates that we have learned from the experience of the last war—from the experience of Herbert Hoover that relief for the victims of war from famine and disease is not enough, that the needs of reconstruction are the opportunities of peace. We missed that opportunity in 1919. Instead of the means for productive reconstruction, we gave to Europe only inadequate relief. Now we have advanced to pledging ourselves to relief *and* reconstruction, "to develop Europe and Asia in such a way as to prevent another recurrence of economic insecurity and misery."

Second, it seems to indicate that we have learned that the relief and reconstruction job must be managed by all the United Nations together instead of by the big supplier nations individually and through private business. The gravity of our mistake on that score in the last war is still a burning shame in our memories. As Julian Huxley has pointed out, "the horrible and senseless prolongation of the food shortage in Central Europe for over six months, with great suffering to innocent children and consequently great bitterness . . . was mainly due to the withdrawal of the United States from further participation in the elaborate and very efficient machinery of shipping and raw-material control which the Allies had gradually perfected. This withdrawal, which was decided on before the Armistice, satisfied the American desire to return to laissez-faire; but it did away with the only arrangements which could have ensured that the right foodstuffs and raw materials should reach the destinations where they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were most needed, as quickly and as abundantly as possible." Last time, paper machinery for world collaboration through the League was being built at the same moment when, at the instigation of Herbert Hoover and other American delegates, all the joint wartime economic and social controls were being cast off.

Herbert Hoover's now famous cable to his Paris representatives in November, 1918, should be read again by all United States officials now participating in the formation of UNRRA as a reminder against the past:

> For your general advice, this government will not agree to any program that even looks like inter-Allied control of our economic resources after peace. After peace over one-half of the whole export food supplies of the world will come from the United States, and for the buyers of these supplies to sit in majority in dictating to us prices and distribution is wholly inconceivable. The same applies to raw materials. Our only hope of securing justice in distribution, proper appreciation abroad of the effort we made to assist foreign nations and proper return for the services that we will perform, revolves around complete independence of commitment to joint action on our part.

By the very act of sponsoring the formation of UNRRA, we repudiated that kind of irresponsibility. But there is more than a chance that we have not yet learned the full lesson it has to teach.

There is definite evidence that high officials in our government are out to maim UNRRA as soon as it shall be born so as to guarantee its future impotence. Conversations have been held between British and American representatives which have resulted in an understanding that both parties will fight against giving up their present monopoly control of supplies and resources to a United Nations authority, that the United States and the United Kingdom will continue to control the development, allocation and flow of scarce commodities. If this "understanding" is carried out, it will amount to a subversion of the spirit of the UNRRA agreement we have sponsored.

On November 9, as soon as the UNRRA charter has been signed, the Council of UNRRA, consisting of one representative of each member government and alternates, will meet in Atlantic City to work out all the operational details that will be involved. The real showdown on United Nations v. Anglo-American control of relief and rehabilitation will take place there in meetings that will probably last a month. The major United Nations are sending delegates of the highest caliber. Men like China's former envoy to Russia, Ambassador Tsiang, will be present to see to it that matters vital to the future peace of the world are not decided without the most careful consideration.

Under the terms of the UNRRA agreement, the Council of member-nation representatives will make policy. But the controlling power of that group is lodged in a Central Committee composed of the United States, Great Britain, China and the Soviet Union. The Council will have a Committee on Supplies which will consist of the members of the Council representing those member governments "likely to be principal suppliers of materials for relief and rehabilitation." And it will also have Regional Committees for Europe, the Far East, etc., composed of the members of the Council from those respective regions plus representatives of such other governments directly concerned with the problems of relief and rehabilitation in those areas "as shall be appointed by the Council." The regional committees will consider and recommend policies to the Council for action.

The executive authority of UNRRA is to be a Director General, chosen by unanimous nomination of the Central Committee. Herbert Lehman is slated for appointment to this position in the first few minutes after the Atlantic City meeting gets under way. The agreement says that he will have "full power and authority for carrying out relief operations," but what those words really mean remains to be seen. Assistant Secretary of State Dean Acheson is to be the United States representative on the Council, and during Lehman's period in the State Department as director of the Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Operations when he was also supposed to be given sweeping powers, it was always Acheson and his staff who ran things.

Lehman is firmly committed to the task of making UNRRA a joint effort of all the member nations. He seems to favor conducting all operations on that basis instead of assigning the major tasks of development, allocation and distribution to the outworn Anglo-American Joint Boards and the national administrative agencies associated with them. On this point, Lehman will have the full support of China, the British dominions (Canada and Australia are big suppliers who have no place on the joint boards), the "little" nations and presumably the Soviet Union. Where Acheson will stand is not yet clear. If the Soviet Union chooses to exert strong leadership for the "little" nations, any proponents of real United Nations control will almost certainly be forced to retreat.

In the period immediately after this war, food will be politics. In the next period, the materials and machines for reconstruction will be politics. United Nations control during both will go far toward guaranteeing that allocations of our total resources will be made on the basis of need, not politics. Only by United Nations control can we escape the causes of a new war. The fine working union between Britain and America which has slowly matured during this war can be no substitute for the broader international union we must enter into now.

Franklin Roosevelt said it this way: "By combined action now, we can preserve freedom and restore peace

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to our peoples. By combined action later, we can fulfill the victory we have joined to attain. The concept of the United Nations will not perish on the battlefields of this terrible war. It will live to lay the basis of the enduring world understanding on which mankind depends to preserve its peace and its freedom. The United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration will be the first test. HELEN FULLER

A Lesson in Democracy

AMERICANS have had to leave the home of democracy to learn the real meaning of the word. This is one of the most important and yet least talked of paradoxes of this war. Right around the corner, almost in their own backyard, in a little group of islands once thought insignificant, but now in a world at war become vital bastions for the defense of the Panama Canal, Americans are discovering that democracy in a fuller sense than it is known here *can* work.

Uncle Sam maintained his reputation as a good trader when he exchanged fifty out-moded destroyers for a ring of military and naval outposts in the British islands of the West Indies, and it has turned out to be an even better bargain than he imagined. He sent Southern engineers to build the bases that had been acquired in Jamaica, Trinidad, Bermuda and elsewhere, places whose preponderantly Negro populations have enjoyed a hundred years of freedom from the discriminatory practices obtaining in the United States.

The Southerners brought Jim Crow with them, but soon had to abandon it when they discovered that neither the population nor the courts of law were of a mind to connive at it. Not even the millions of almighty dollars that were being spent in the building of the bases were sufficient inducement to the islanders to sell their birthright of freedom.

Many heads were broken before accord was established, for the Southerners found themselves in situations outside their experience and therefore bewildering. A Southerner does not take kindly to riding beside a Negro in a bus or street car, eating in the same restaurant, dancing on the same floor at a night club or sitting beside him in a theatre. He resented these things, sometimes violently and always to his detriment. He found no submissiveness in the West Indies and he got blow for blow when he took the law into his own hands.

Although the engineers were free to practise Jim Crow in the base areas, since these were United States territory, even there they are refraining from discrimination. Early in the building of the bases they tried to kick the native laborers around, but when the first Southerner who attempted it found a razor-edged machete down to the bone in his leg it was lesson enough for him and his countrymen.

The most talked of incident in Jamaica is that of the Negro labor foreman who, pressed for time, dashed into a lavatory labeled WHITE and was met with the fist of one of the Southerners as he came out. Quick as a boxer throwing a counter punch, he knocked the American to the ground. He went for his coat and was on his way to the pay office when the American called him back. Shake, he said, and forget it. They shook hands. Today they are friends.

Another story concerns a policeman who was accustomed to take his nightcap at a bar near the base. He went in as usual one night to find the place occupied exclusively by Americans. He called for his drink and was promptly thrown out for having the nerve to try to drink with white people. Discretion indicated caution and, being outnumbered, he went to the station house and brought four of his colleagues back with him. The Americans showed fight, but in the end they found themselves lodged in jail, charged with disorderly conduct and resisting arrest. The night sergeant called the colonel in charge of base operations, told him what had happened and asked what he should do with the men. Keep them till morning, the colonel told him, it will do them a power of good.

The pay-off came when they were compelled to stand trial for the offense. They found themselves before a Negro judge and prosecuted by a Negro attorney. Worse, they were found guilty and fined, and given a severe lecture by the judge, who pointed out that the law was administered without fear or favor in Jamaica. The judge's final warning was that a second offense would draw not a fine but a prison term.

The Americans learned the hard way, but they learned. When they saw that they could not flout the law and customs of the islands with impunity they began to adjust themselves to their environment. Today they have made friends among the Negro population and mingle with them freely in public places. They have learned too that the removal of discriminatory social laws does not lead to indiscriminate marriage between white and Negro, and they see before them always a demonstration of the fact that the individual still enjoys the right under these liberal laws to choose his friends and therefore still has the right to decide who shall visit him socially.

They are even becoming considerate. The word "nigger" was a commonplace on their lips when they first came; now they use it less often and are careful in speech and action to avoid giving offense. In short, they are living democracy. OLIVER KIRKPATRICK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Notes

Isolationism v. Post-War Collaboration

I HAVE BEEN LOOKING DOWN from the press gallery on the Senate's post-war-collaboration discussion over the Connally resolution. It is a hard matter to sum up. The Senate floor has generally been three-quarters deserted. Although the papers presented it at first as a "historic debate," most of them gave it little play after the second day. London newspapers have followed it with great, though confused, interest. It has been amusing to watch baffled British reporters who have thronged the galleries and who are finding this their first example of the complicated and paradoxical division of powers on foreign affairs that may loom so large after the war.

Sympathy naturally goes out to the passionately interested internationalists who are trying to make the Connally resolution mean something, by affixing the Pepper amendment. If they can't make it mean something, at least they can obtain interpretations of what sponsors think it might mean, and in general keep the post-war issue before the Senate, and the public.

But the real interest in the debate, on the whole, is in the foreshadowing of national thinking, and of events to come. One thing that stands out most decidedly is that Woodrow Wilson goes marching on. His name appears again and again. It suddenly occurs to you, after listening to hours of discussion, that that is the great difference between now and 1920, that now we can talk about the tragedy of Wilson, and see where it has led us. Wilson was beaten, all right. But look down at the Senate today and you quickly discover that his tragedy was not the end.

Another big fact is that the two-thirds obstacle is just as great an impediment today to any formal commitment as it was in 1920. Its net effect is to give every Gerald Nye, Hiram Johnson or Burt Wheeler two votes for isolationism to one for collaboration. This debate has been merely the curtain-raiser, but a little watching reveals that the same old passions and prejudices are right there, close to the surface.

It is encouraging, in a sense, that after World War I the initiative was grabbed by the isolationists, while in this warming-up bout the militant internationalists have taken the lead. In that respect positions are just reversed from 1920. That again may stem from the Wilson tragedy. But the two-thirds obstacle is still there, just as inimical and undemocratic as ever. The Wilson experience and this Connally fracas show pretty clearly the course Mr. Roosevelt and/or his successor will take in international negotiations, and why it will be taken. There may be no formal treaty after this war. Much more likely that one *fait-accompli* arrangement, administrative understanding or agreement will follow another; that the forthcoming United Nations' conference on relief at Atlantic City will pick up where the food conference at Hot Springs left off, and the tri-partite Roosevelt-Churchill-Stalin understanding will follow the present Moscow accord. This war may end without any formalized peace treaty at all.

In the midst of the recurrent coal crisis one fact sticks out for anybody who has ever covered a coal strike or visited an isolated mining town. The miners don't trust newspapers. That is one of the major difficulties in the present emergency. The latest dispute, in one sense, boils down to rival interpretations of a mathematical formula by President Roosevelt and John L. Lewis over the WLB's compromise wage proposal. It is a field in which newspaper interpretation should be immensely valuable. But the miners just don't trust newspapers. And though perhaps it is irrelevant, one can't help a certain sympathy. Wasn't it just the other day that the Associated Press garbled the account of the anti-trust verdict that went against it, and isn't it right now that most of the editorial pages which formerly thundered against the Justice Department attacks on "freedom-of-the-press" are remaining mysteriously silent? Only a minor point, but it illustrates why ignorant and suspicious miners, in isolated towns, find it so hard to tell which part of public opinion is genuine and which is phony.

Before this week's elections most Washington political writers had already gone on record as expecting scattered Republican victories. The week before, Harrison Spangler made public a memorandum offering impressive evidence of the Republican swing which has been manifest since 1938. The new elections are the final trial heats before the big race next year, and will be treated accordingly. The only difficulty about the interpretation, from the Republican viewpoint, is that although there seems to be a trend their way, you can't elect a trend. You have to have a candidate. Mr. Roosevelt has always heretofore been able to reverse trends. And now the very degree by which Republicans show their jubilation will be matched by the pressure of Democratic professionals—who don't like Roosevelt but need him to save their own skins—to run for a fourth term. Nobody knows what Mr. Roosevelt will do, probably not even Mr. Roosevelt himself. He probably hopes events will solve the matter for him. The last thing a sane man would seemingly want would be a fourth term in a crazy world. But Mr. Roosevelt has always been a loyal party man. Perhaps the one thing that will finally tip the balance is the demonstration that, for the Democrats in 1944, it is Roosevelt or nobody.

Committee prints have just become available of the final testimony before the House Ways and Means Committee on taxes. On the same day on which the National Association of Manufacturers made its extraordinary appeal against any new taxes this year, Professor Graham of Princeton, speaking for 89 nationally known economists (and giving about the only disinterested expert advice in the whole hearing) declared that the Treasury's program, big though it was, was not big enough. When confronted with the earlier NAM testimony, Professor Graham, author of a standard book on German inflation, quietly told the committee that big business generally favored inflation. It had been so in Germany. "In Germany," he said, "the real difficulty which led them to complete disaster was that the business classes could never be got to support the government in an attempt to stop inflation."

Washington T. R. B.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Cardboard Star

THE NORTH STAR" is a movie I admire for the effort, patience and talent—all sincere—that went into the making of it; but it is one that I feel is too careful of how it walks and what path it takes. This in spite of there being no shoddiness, that it is a grateful, compassionate tribute to the Russian people, projected cleanly and with that elegance of craftsmanship that Sam Goldwyn manages by obtaining the best material and artists available to satisfy his idea of a well tooled product; that Lillian Hellman wrote the script, the first she has done directly for the movies; Lewis Milestone did the directing, James Wong Howe the photography and Aaron Copland the music.

"North Star" is the name of a Soviet coöperative farm and village on the Bessarabian frontier. Its life is shown during the two peaceful, unsuspecting days before June 20, 1941, and during the next two days when the villagers go through the first horror of the German invasion, lose their village to the Germans and return as guerrillas to destroy both. There is a freedom evident in its material; whether it is singing, dancing, going to school or a walking trip of four young Russians to Kiev, it has an unhampered mobility that is free of all paternalism. The Russian life it projects (any part of which could be used to advertise Sunkist oranges) is a fount of gayety and brightness and people who are free of all rancor or selfishness. But the movie does not express the ultimate freedom in which individuality or differences in people are respected—its characters are so undifferentiated (unusual for a Hellman script) that they are not only uninteresting but are difficult to keep apart. Here again coöperative life, or communism, is adolescently denatured. And there is no great figure of fascism presented, to accent, or put a strain on, freedom. It is simply another picture in which the ideas more difficult of expression are evaded by being taken for granted as known already to the audience.

The fault at the heart of this movie, and of almost every other modern Hollywood movie, is in a usurpation by the artist of the spectators' brains and sensibility, in order to make the action of the film perfectly clear and understandable to them. The producers have carefully removed all the foreign bodies, diluted the idiosyncrasies or left them out altogether, and simplified what is left into slow, rounded, general statements. The food has not only been cooked for you but eaten and digested. There is no shock left, none of that magnetism which picks the spectator up and deposits him inside the story.

This kind of cleaned and plucked movie art, which is to the spectator what a prefabricated house is to the carpenter, is the result of the overomniscience that is the perpetual trap to the director of a medium as encompassing as the motion picture—especially to those who overestimate how much of an encounter can be shown before straining the spectator's sense of the pace, duration and undeliberate quality that makes the artistic projection of an encounter living rather than merely explained. This turning of the spectator into a receiver rather than a co-worker occurs in the conception itself of the subject matter: the too-fortunate and conscious view that the camera takes of events, so that you feel the artist is merely copying an action he thinks of as already accomplished; the manipulation of characters into patterns of action, so that you feel the ostentation; and the lack of individuality in the texture of the photography, so that you feel it is not expressing the spirit of the idea but merely making a clear reproduction of a reënactment of the idea. The result is that no matter what you are shown—the folk dance, the strategy of the guerrilla attack, the school commencement exercises—your feeling is that you are seeing a posed, not a spontaneous, action.

After reducing the characters to saccharine strait-jackets tagged "old man," "young girl" and "intellectual," putting starched oratory into their mouths, giving them the latest college-cut looks and refusing them the right to have some sentiment that is native, unpampered and free, there is little that acting can save, and except for certain irregularities presented by Ann Harding and Eric von Stroheim which still interest me, as far as I am concerned, nothing is saved.

Near the end of the picture there occurs one exception to the general tidiness, one which finally scratches your emotions and understanding. The villagers have successfully carried through their counter-attack, and the Russian surgeon faces the Nazi surgeon, the proud liberal who has put up with Nazism and makes such statements as, "I do not like much what I have done for the past nine years." The Russian answers, "I have heard about men like you. The civilized men who are sorry. Men who do the work of fascists and pretend to themselves they are better than those for whom they work. It is men like you who have sold your people to men like Hitler." And the Russian shoots this Nazi. Whatever has been lost by making this picture's only important Nazi a "civilized man," it is the only moment in the picture when the uneasy and the unconventional has been dared—it is what you entered the picture to find. The fault of "The North Star" is a failure of the kind of nerve that produced this incident and the inability to attach the little that it does say to the emotions of the spectator.

MANNY FARBER

Ballet at the Metropolitan

OF THE PREMIÈRES presented by the Ballet Theatre in its fall season at the Met, I like best "Fair at Sorochinsk," the new Lichine ballet woven about a Moussorgsky-Gogol medley with a rich flow of invention. It contains spirited folk dances, a well contrived "Night on Bald Mountain" scene and excellent solo work by Anton Dolin. As the Devil of the Ukraine he dances with the incisiveness and projection that characterize his Bluebeard, another bright spot in the repertoire. "Dim Luster," Tudor's latest ballet, is a sophisticated "Beau Danube," pleasant enough entertainment which demands as little as it gives. The other novelties are "Mlle. Angot," a complicated bit of frou-frou to a Lecoq operetta, and "Pictures of Goya," which is not really a ballet at all but a series of "pictures come to life" in Argentinita's familiarly flat and faithful Spanish idiom.

In contrast to these premières, Anthony Tudor's "Pillar of Fire," which has been in the repertoire for two years, has the freshness and originality of a new work. It marks the realization of a trend foreshadowed in "Lilac Garden,"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an earlier and less successful Tudor ballet which is also in the current repertoire. Without benefit of Dali or other eccentricities, it is one of the most "modern" ballets of our times, not only in manner but in matter.

The psychological drama with which "Pillar of Fire" is concerned unfolds from a personal kernel of despair and desire. Within the broad structure of its design are intricate ramifications, explorations of the heart of a girl in love with the man who prefers her younger sister. The individual tragedy is projected against a background of threatened spinsterhood personified by an unmarried older sister and by two gray-clad virgin ladies. In a magnificent performance of the stellar role, Nora Kaye is the incarnation of pain withheld almost but never quite to the breaking point. The composition has a Proustian complexity and in the scene of young girls dancing there is, indeed, something of the quality of "A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleur."

Now ballet does not generally appear to be an appropriate medium for the expression of personal tragedy and it rarely attempts to treat, seriously, of profound emotional experience. Yet in Tudor's hands, and especially in "Pillar of Fire," that is precisely what it does. And because the composition is concerned not with display, but with the communication of human experience, it is never interrupted by bursts of applause at technical virtuosities. Its merit and wonder are, rather, in the identical flow of the form and feeling it engenders.

Excellence in ballet almost never evokes in me the kind of reaction that I have to excellence in the other arts, and one reason for this may be that, in ballet, detail generally looms larger than concept. It is otherwise in great literature, music or painting. While we have pleasure in an isolated line of Shakespeare's and may repeat it as we would hum a theme from a Mozart symphony, our greatest pleasure is in the whole of which the particular line or theme is a part. Nor, further, do we derive esthetic enjoyment from an isolated word, note or color. In ballet, however, the leap, the arabesque and other isolated movements are enjoyed out of their context and may falsely become ends in themselves. But just as a word has meaning only in its context, and as a note in music has meaning only in relation to the theme of which it is a part, so, too, a movement in the dance has meaning only in the sequence to which it belongs.

It may be argued that the single word, note, color, gesture have value in themselves. They do, in a limited sense that is unrelated to esthetic experience, for, lacking definition, such meaning as they may possess is both too personal and too general. A single word may have specific connotations for individuals and groups. Colors may have associative emotional values. But unless one color is marked off and delineated by another, it has no form, no esthetic meaning. And the same holds true of gestures or movement, for in art, as in conversation, all is qualification. Lacking qualification, there is no communication.

In "Pillar of Fire" there exists a beauty of qualification that is the realization of concept. That is why this ballet is memorable. It evokes precisely that type of esthetic enjoyment which, though the accepted measure of achievement in the arts, is rarely sought or found in even the best ballets.

VIRGINIA MISHNUN

The Bandwagon

The monsignor [Fulton J. Sheen] said he was convinced there is "something phony" about the present Russo-German war. "I am not a military man but I believe I am intelligent enough to know that the Russians cannot be victorious as we are led to believe along a 600-mile front, day after day, for more than two months. It just doesn't happen." – *The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen in a speech before the National Council of Catholic Women, as quoted in The Akron, O., Beacon Journal.*

Long before the end of war comes, restlessness and excitement give way to the more stable emotions—is this why Frank Sinatra is so tremendously popular? – *Subhead on article "Sinatra—Prophet of Peace?" in Movie Show magazine.*

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL . . . breathing a spirit the Luftwaffe cannot break. It reflects the good things of English life and will survive the present struggle as will your

PEEK FREAN Biscuits, including the famous TWIGLETS.

– *An advertisement in The New Yorker.*

Earl Browder, general secretary of the Communist Party, asserted tonight that United States participation in the three-power conference at Moscow would suffer if Philadelphia elected William C. Bullitt, former Ambassador to Russia and France, as mayor. – *UP dispatch from Philadelphia.*

The terrible and wonderful feeling of being entrusted with something fragile and tremendously important comes twice in a woman's life: When she takes her first baby home from the hospital and when she takes her first flat of young tomato plants home from the greenhouse. – *Ethel M. Hoffman in The Buffalo Evening News.*

Seems Reasonable

80,000,000 RATS IN GERMANY,
SAYS STOCKHOLM REPORT

– *A headline in The Chicago Sun.*

On the Home Front

John Powell, operator of the city road roller, said a woman waited for him to come along and then dumped baskets of tin cans in front of his machine. She explained that she was tired of flattening cans for salvage with her feet. – *AP dispatch from York, Pa.*

That All-Out Effort

London hat designers served an ace for style-starved Milady. One of the smarter salons exhibiting fall-hat showings introduced hand-painted pink camelias made of old tennis balls, perching atop glamorous coiffures. The camelias were made by removing the rubber from the tennis balls, cutting it into petals and painting it. – *From PM.*

Total-War Department

Converging on Naples via the Sorrento peninsula, Allied troops came in from the city's back door, hence thousands of these fighting men missed the usual thrill of the peacetime tourist who caught his first magnificent view of the historic city from the sea. – *An AP dispatch to The Nashville Tennesseean.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Archbishop Spellman and Democracy

SIR: "Action This Day," by Archbishop Spellman, printed as a feature in Collier's Weekly—thus assuring it a large audience—is a piece of writing in a vein that one has come to expect from a person who has attained a place of some eminence in the church and national affairs. You've got to write like that to attain these places. But as military vicar of the armed forces of America he can peddle his prejudiced views to the boys who are fighting to preserve our way of life.

Read for example his panegyric about the old Spanish regimes. Castles and tombs and statues commemorating the Spanish grandees simply overawe him. "The Escorial," he writes, "is a worthy memorial to Philip the Second who built it." A pigsty would have been a better one. The whole reign of his august majesty was an inexorable crusade against political and religious freedom. In 1558, he, a pitiless spectator, witnessed an auto-da-fe in which forty persons perished at the stake. He persecuted and ravished the Christian Moors in Granada, and the Protestants in Holland were driven to revolt against his Holy Inquisition and its cruelties, resulting in the eighty-year war against Spain which eventually gave the United Provinces a place among the enlightened nations of Europe. He built the Spanish Armada to subjugate Protestant England and Holland. His long reign devoted to reaction, greed, lust and bestiality came to an inglorious end when he died as a result of his debaucheries, but in 1943 we can still find a citizen of a democracy bubbling over in his enthusiasm for these moth-eaten relics of reaction and oppression.

Read what he writes about the Loyalists, that mob of priest-baiters, about the misunderstood Franco, about our good Ambassador to Spain. And after reading all of it you will no doubt wonder, with me, how in these days of scarcity of newsprint we can find a magazine that will devote page after page to such kind of undemocratic bias and rancor.

Grand Rapids, Mich. ROLAND A. BEENS

Report from a Conscientious Objector

SIR: The accompanying letter came to me from a scientist friend of mine who is a conscientious objector in a Civilian Public Service camp. It was intended merely as an account of his recent experiences, but it gives such a vivid picture of this group of serious-minded people that I believe your readers will find it interesting reading.

Takoma Park, Md. W. E. H.

[ENCLOSURE]

. . . In March, 1941, I was removed from my position in the Research Institute by Selective Service and sent to a CPS camp in the next state. There I remained for more than eleven months planting trees, counting plants in connection with soil-conservation investigations and building up the local scientific-reference collection for the Soil Conservation Station. I built it up from 200 specimens to more than 2,500, and increased the recorded species from 100 to 1,504 (and there are still 50 or so specimens in the hands of specialists awaiting identification).

Because there is such a thing as "individual assignment" for conscientious objectors to war, granted to men of special training and ability and engaged in specially important work, and because one CO was thus assigned to bacteriological work and another to "research in zoology," the fields in which they were working when drafted, I tried very hard to be transferred from the CPS camp to the —— Laboratory. I felt this would enable me to continue my tropical American studies, especially on the thousands of speciments from Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay, Chile and Bolivia, which I have contracted to study and report on in a South American scientific journal. . . . My CO friends at the laboratory tried hard to bring about my transfer, emphasizing the importance of my work. From what I gather, the Friends' Service Committee and the National Board for Religious Objectors both approved the transfer and some of the officials of the laboratory consented to request my transfer, though somewhat half-heartedly. However, the transfer was rejected by the chief on the grounds that two conscientious objectors on the staff were enough and no more were needed.

Then the head scientist of the —— Society formally requested my services from Selective Service only to have General Q—— turn it down because the work I would be doing there would be neither "conservation nor forestry"! So I've about given up hopes of continuing my research during the war. I considered transferring to the CPS camp near the —— Investigation Station, but something happened to their appropriation for building up the scientific collection and the only job I could have had was identifying the contents of the stomachs of various animals to find out what they had been eating. This did not particularly appeal to me, so when public pressure at the CPS camp where I then was required it to be reduced to less than a third of its enrolment, I transfered to this hospital.

I never cared for hospital work, but it brings me nearer to my wife and ailing parents, so I am satisfied. There are over a dozen of us here, with more coming. We are serving as attendants to replace those who have joined the armed forces or gone to defense factories for higher wages. Our allowance here, as at the original camp, is $2.50 a month, but here we do not have to pay the $30 or $35 monthly to the Friends for maintenance in the camp. The hospital furnishes us with work clothes, laundry service, room and board, and a number of other little things. Our wives may come and will be hired as regular attendants at the usual salary. . . .

The hospital has more than 2,500 patients and 400 employees. We are drilled to call it a mental hospital, not an insane asylum, but "a rose by any other name," etc. We all had a month's basic training in hospital techniques, during which we washed and scrubbed floors and walls, washed windows, swept and polished floors, dusted furniture, made thousands of beds, changed bed linen which had been "soiled" (altogether too euphonious a term!), learned to wash, shave and shampoo patients in bed, gave cold packs, ice packs, dry packs, gave enemas, hypodermics, electric-shock treatments, counted respiration and pulse, took temperatures (all rectal because of the type of patients treated), nursed patients with malaria used as a cure for syphilis, etc., etc. We learned how to act when patients get epileptic fits, to give spoon-and-tube feedings to patients who would not or could not eat regularly. We also learned how to act with folks who have delusions, hallucinations and delirium tremens, or who just "blow up." We sat beside patients dying of cancer and tuberculosis and old age, held their hands when they were "scared," acted as combined priest-minister-rabbi, heard the death rattle in their throats, closed their eyes and stuffed up body openings when dead, wrapped them in shrouds, took them to the morgue and put them in the refrigerator. We have learned to read doctors' prescriptions and to fill them and to give medications. . . .

I do not even know if my old job will be open to me after the war. Sentiment there is pretty keen against me for my objector stand. Many have felt quite incensed at me because of my stand on certain scientific questions and for my admiration for certain of the older and unpopular deceased members. Now that I have openly affiliated myself with a group of people whom it is patriotic to revile and despise, they have just the opportunity they always wanted. Well, we shall see what we

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shall see after the war. I may yet be able to go back, though I expect it will be far from comfortable for a few years at least. But that is what I expected when I took my stand. To me following the dictates of my conscience and doing what I think is right and just and fair is far more important than any considerations of personal comfort.

Perhaps you have heard that Professor —— wrote me that if he were in my shoes he would renounce his citizenship and get out of the country "if any other country will have you." He implies that my scientific career is over as long as he has influence. So, you see, my future is not too secure. One or two of my former colleagues who had previously been most cordial and coöperative have refused further coöperation. One man, to whom I sent specimens for criticism, responded that he would have nothing more to do with me and would not even wish to handle any specimens collected or transmitted by me.

However, these few are the exceptions. By and large, my scientific friends all over have continued cordial and helpful. . . . As yet no editor has refused a manuscript of mine because of my present position, though some of the other men here have had that happen. . . .

Soldier Thinking

SIR: My wholehearted agreement with GI's piece, "Soldier Thinking," in your September 27 issue. I thought his distinction between the "mechanic" v. the "dynamic" approach of most Americans very apt. At least within the armed forces, private discussion is about the only educational device at all feasible—and the stereotypes one bumps into! His suggestion for the major unions to plan for a future veterans' organization is a good one, and I hope it will be followed up by some action.

However, my reason for sending this letter is not merely a congratulatory one. In the several army posts where I have been stationed within the last year or so, there has been considerable undirected talk as to a veterans' organization. At each place I have met one or two individuals who have considered circularizing their friends in the hopes of building up a nucleus for some sort of liberal post-war group of this kind. Such ideas have to date never progressed beyond the talk stage. Another suggestion I have encountered is the notion of joining the American Legion in the hope of forming there an enlightened and articulate minority—but the magnitude and power of the Legion make this idea seem a little fruitless. The point is that there is spontaneous talk among a few enlightened men as to the need of some such organization, and of course most of us know nothing as to how to go about such things. Possibly GI's union suggestion is the solution. I had also thought of the possibility of the Union for Democratic Action taking a hand in such a project. At least now one might start building up a list of interested individuals. . . .

University of Iowa, Iowa City, Ia. B. W. L

The Vatican and the Fascists

SIR: In regard to the vexed question of the complicity of the Vatican in the promotion of fascism, the facts, unfortunately, are on the side of Dr. Salvemini and not on that of your correspondent John Haynes Holmes.

The following circumstances are reported by the Roman correspondent of The New York Times, on April 17, 1940, just after the invasion of Norway by the Nazis. When Myron B. Taylor, Roosevelt's personal representative at the Vatican, pressed for a condemnation by the Pope of this aggression, the Vatican replied as follows:

"While the Holy See strongly condemns Germany's action and has sponsored the attacks against the Reich in the Osservatore Romano, it is pointed out that there are only 2,619 Roman Catholics in Norway out of a population of 3,000,000. Therefore, although the moral aspect is severely judged, from the practical viewpoint, it is stated that the Holy See must keep in mind the 30,000,000 German Roman Catholics in its activities."

Thus the Holy See judges moral questions on a numerical basis; and from this reasoning it follows that a Protestant (or at least non-Catholic) country may be overrun and its inhabitants reduced to slavery without a word of protest from the *soi-disant* head of the Christian Church.

The above is, of course, only one of a large number of instances of the same attitude on the part of the Vatican. They are in every case a matter of record, not of rumor. The undoubted fact that large numbers of sincere Catholics are kept in ignorance of this policy does not in any way alter the shameful facts.

Vancouver, Can. K. M. PORTSMOUTH

Educator-Congressmen

SIR: If the editors of The National Educational Association Journal had studied the voting records of the educator congressmen listed in the October issue, they would have omitted mention of most of them. To verify this statement the editors have only to look up their voting records in The New Republic of August 9, 1943.

Of the 75 congressmen listed in The Journal, 49 voted against the administration on practically every one of the eighteen measures submitted to Congress during its recent session and listed by The New Republic. The record shows that two-thirds of the educator congressmen are hopelessly reactionary and helped to make the worst Congress in recent history. What a fine educational leadership for our New World!

Seattle, Wash. E. L. MCDONNELL

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Henry Miller is by common consent of the critics one of the most interesting figures on the American literary scene. He is the author of four books, "Tropic of Cancer," "The Cosmological Eye," "The Wisdom of the Heart" and "The Colossus of Maroussi." His frankness about sex made it necessary for one of his books to be published abroad, and has presumably restricted the circulation of other work of his. He refuses, however, to compromise with what he considers the outrageous prudery of American publishers, although, as he says, "An artist who is non-commercial has about as much chance for survival as a sewer rat. If he remains faithful to his art he compromises in life, by begging and borrowing, by marrying rich or by doing some stultifying work which will bring him a pittance."

Being unable or reluctant to follow any of these courses, Mr. Miller is frequently hard up. We have received from him a communication, unfortunately too long to print, in which he suggests that he will sell some of the water colors which he paints as a hobby, to our readers. "I do not pretend to be a painter," he says. "I do not think my work has any value as art. But I like to paint and I like to think that whatever an artist does by way of avocation is interesting and perhaps revelatory." He adds: "I am putting no price on these paintings, if I may call them such. I offer them with the understanding that the buyer may name his own price. . . . I can offer you only what I have on hand at the moment. You will have to take a chance on me." And as a final ironic comment on the life of the uncompromising artist he says: "Anyone wishing to encourage the watercolor mania would do well to send me paper, brushes and tubes, of which I am always in need. I would also be grateful for old clothes, shirts, socks, etc. I am 5 feet 8 inches tall, weigh 150 pounds, 15½ neck, 38 chest, 32 waist, hat and shoes both size 7 to 7½. Love corduroys."

Mr. Miller's address is 1212 North Beverley Glen Boulevard, West Los Angeles 24, California.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Review

The Angry Man

TO GET AT THE THEME of James T. Farrell's Danny O'Neill books you might well go back to one of the concluding passages of the second volume of "Studs Lonigan." Danny played only a minor role in the Lonigan trilogy and his life and character were no more than sketched in. But he was Farrell, and perhaps even the truest portrait of the artist Farrell would ever draw. Danny, at the age of twenty, having lived in squalor and brutality and survived, has at last established his identity, wrenched out of the bitter heart of the world that he knew. It was a world of lies,

> . . . a world of misery, neuroticism, frustration, impecuniousness, hypocrisy, disease, clap, syphilis, poverty, injustice. . . . He wanted to be a writer. . . . He wanted to purge himself completely of the world he knew, the world of Fifty-eighth Street . . . the hates it had welled up in him. . . .
>
> He walked home, carrying a briefcase full of books. Studs Lonigan, Red Kelly, and Barney Keefe passed on the other side of the street. They called him goof and told him to leave it alone. He didn't answer. Some day he would drive this neighborhood and all its memories out of his consciousness with a book. . . .

Thus the Danny books were born out of anger, and it is only fitting that the fourth, and apparently final volume dealing with Danny's life in Chicago, should be entitled "My Days of Anger."[1] But while anger is Farrell's sustaining emotion, giving impetus to his writing, it does not provide the whole intended measure of his theme. To begin with, there is very little anger in "My Days of Anger." Furthermore, while there is a doggedness and bitterness in everything Farrell writes, these qualities are merely the elements of anger and not its dedication. The dedication, the innate goal of a man's anger, is never clearly expressed, for the dedication is personal, and Farrell cannot express himself. He can only indicate, through a violent aspiration, the values he wishes to attain, in the hope that the surge of his feeling will carry him there. The artist must stay on close and gloomy terms with what is in the world in order to get a sense of what life can be. His intentions may be poetic, but his method will deny itself all access to poetry; he will go on criticizing, never invoking, and what he attains as his own possession is "torn out of the guts of reality." Farrell will show, over and over again, what the reality is against which he plays off the heart's angry knowledge of the better life. But as he envelops it from one point of view after another, from character to character and incident to incident, reality envelops him until his anger is gone—and with it goes the knowledge. He would purge his memory, but scenes keep spawning in the foreground of his consciousness and he cannot forget. He would let his anger carry away the burdens of his experience, but it only makes his burdens heavier by calling them back to life. In the end he neither forgets nor hates. His purgation leaves him more deeply involved than ever, but the emotion it sets free is no longer sheer hatred. It is a kind of grim, grinding sympathy, an allegiance he owes his document for having dwelt on it so long.

In "My Days of Anger" Danny O'Neill reaches young manhood. His first accomplishment is breaking away from Catholicism and becoming an atheist. It is at the University of Chicago where he liberates himself, and where also he comes into contact with the intellectual life which has so long been denied to him. He had been pampered and spoiled by Uncle Al, Aunt Margaret and Grandmother, giving his father, Jim, deep concern that he would turn into a dude, a damned O'Flaherty. But now that his father is dead, Danny, taking a hand in the support of the surviving O'Neills, has been working for several years—first at the express company where his father had been employed, and then as a filling-station attendant. Conscientious and serious, he has earned a scholarship at the University. He has given himself over entirely to his ambition, formally, to become a lawyer, actually, to become a writer. But while he has found in himself a central urge, a unifying obsession, he remains all too human and he is still subject to distraction. Thus, Danny's ever present desire for prestige and status leads him, first, to make an unsuccessful bid for a fraternity; later, after dropping his job at the filling station in order to write, he fritters away his time and winds up as a campus reporter for The Chicago Inquirer—a Hearst paper interested in obtaining scandalous stories and photographs of co-ed's legs. He still goes off on a bat now and then; he has his share of whoring and knocking around.

All this, while it goes into the presentation of the true character of Danny, undoes the true purpose of Farrell. For Farrell, as well as Danny, is distracted. The theme of awakening, the growing, singing consciousness of identity, the courage a man gathers for survival are all undermined. Farrell is obliged to push Danny back, time after time, to the edge of his consciousness, and the anger which Fifty-eighth Street had drawn and sustained is dissipated. Danny shakes his fist at the sky—but there he no longer sees the face of Studs Lonigan. It is difficult to feel anger when you are writing about yourself.

At least one might feel generous toward the ego, offer it at an advantage of intensity, involved, at an extreme point, with feeling and thought. But while Farrell writes about himself, he is a severely repressed and, for all his outspokenness, a very circumspect writer. He will admit no thought, no feeling until it has been carefully inspected for relevance, its social antecedents on Fifty-eighth Street certified. It is as though Farrell shared the ethnocentrism of the old neighborhood—the stranger has a hard time getting by. And whenever a theme foreign to the surface of his environment—an abstract issue, an emotion with philosophical overtones—is admitted, it receives only superficial attention. Thus, Catholicism is pinned down by only one trait, superstition; and Danny's breaking with the Church, his denial of God, though Farrell introduces an unconvincing nightmare

[1] My Days of Anger, by James T. Farrell. New York: The Vanguard Press. 403 pages. $2.75.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of guilt, are on a level with declaring that the earth is flat.

So seriously does Farrell take the tradition in which he writes that he forgets it is, after all, only a tradition. It is a tradition of social documentation, and while it suits his temperament, the method which he derives from it unfortunately elevates temperamental limitations into criteria of procedure. In any case he would have difficulty in getting at the heart of the matter, in marshaling enough poetry to foreshorten, and varying his tone to convey the temporal and intellectual processes of growth. But he does not even strike for the heart: chapter after chapter of the Danny O'Neill series is given over to the documentation of the thesis that basic attitudes are formed through social contact —a fact available to a writer's immediate intuition. He is forever filling in the background and writing introductions to the few sustained dramatic episodes that mark the climax of his narrative. His characters are so much in character, so heavily plastered with the steady pat-pat-pat of the trowel that they emerge at once absolutely accurate and utterly unreal. In "My Days of Anger," where the point of view is for the first time limited to Danny and the method of diligent accretion finally abandoned, Farrell, having relied for so long upon it, cannot avail himself of the greater freedom and concentration he now has at hand.

But Farrell's obvious technical shortcomings themselves constitute a form, a form suited with a wry perfection and exactitude to the expression of the sluggish inner potential of the meanings with which he deals. These meanings, always embodied in a social situation which moves to an increment of suffering, do not themselves move to an increment of clarity. If at one pole of his system of social psychology the individual strives toward, but never attains a concrete conception of the good life, so at the other pole, where he is concerned with the mass of men, movement toward the good society is also frustrated. Clearly, the end is socialism, but it never becomes a clear end. Danny has not yet come to understand socialism—but must an ideal forever be limited by a receptive capacity? The characters in "Fontamara" have, of course, experienced the class struggle more deeply than Danny O'Neill. But Silone has the greater projective capacity; it is clear what he is striving to say, and he need not strive so bitterly to say it. Striving remains identified with its proper object, the ideal itself, which, while urgent and impulsive in Silone, in Farrell, when he comes to it, will probably result in another documentary effort, the clear face of it crabbed over with notes.

But it is the document which predominates in Farrell, the experience labored over and recorded, the toneless transcript of the world as it is. A strayed Catholic, he believes in his document as a Baptist in his Bible. He feels his effort has been ultimate, so long as it has been honest; and that his document is exhaustive, if no single part of it is false. He will remain sworn to his document; he will never give up the transcription of experience, the bitterness of memory which can never relieve itself. "My Days of Anger" ends in 1927; as Danny comes into the present, he will gain in time, and another two years may find him seven years advanced. For Danny is always encroaching on the present, the times in which Farrell, as grown man and writer, finds himself. This is his real, if undeclared purpose—so to enter the present within which Farrell writes, as to force upon his contemporaries an awareness of the reality they are too weak to remember. Already Danny has come to the threshold of the depression, and the years which lie ahead of him, the most crucial in the experience of the present generation of young men, will show him carrying forward the memory of fear and the reality leading into war which the tin-horn optimists of our time have already forgotten. How will they account for all the rest, if what little this document says is true?

ISAAC ROSENFELD

Russia and a Russian

The Russian Enigma: An Interpretation, by William Henry Chamberlin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 321 pages. $2.75.

Maxim Litvinov, by Arthur Upham Pope. New York: L. B. Fischer. 530 pages. $3.50.

TWENTY-SIX years have passed since the Russian Revolution shook the world. In these twenty-six years a heated controversy has been carried on over the Soviet experiment. Blind worship, on the one side, and equally blind ignorance and vituperation, on the other, beclouded the real issue. For both sides neglected to view the Russian Revolution and the changes it brought about, within the Soviet Union and abroad, in that historical perspective so necessary to an accurate and hence meaningful understanding of a great historical event.

"This book," writes William Henry Chamberlin in the introduction to his new work on Russia, "was prepared without any ambitious political or propagandist goal in view." While Mr. Chamberlin may have made an honest effort at dispassionate treatment, he did not altogether succeed in excluding his prejudices. Throughout the book there remains an undertone of Western prudishness and an overemphasis on some surface phenomena. For instance, while it may be legitimate to explain Stalin's dictatorial power in terms of the Russian people's habituation to the tyranny of the Tsars, it would have been desirable for Mr. Chamberlin to point out the purposes to which this power was put by the Tsars and to which it is being put now. The Tsars abused their power for the purpose of their own salvation at the expense of the vast majority of the Russian people. That is why they could not survive a war that now seems very small in comparison with what has happened during the last two years on the Russian front.

As far as information is concerned, Mr. Chamberlin's book offers little that is new. He covers the whole field, the background and history of the Revolution, the political and economic changes that have taken place in the Soviet Union, and the sources of her present strength (revival of nationalism, revolutionary dynamism, superior military and economic preparedness, geographical vastness, wide dispersion of resources and aid received from the Anglo-American powers). The only particularly interesting part of the book are the chapters on the Moscow trials and the Red Army. The value of the book depends essentially on the political sophistication of the reader.

What about the future? Mr. Chamberlin suggests that the war may well lead to a loosening of the dictatorial regime. Much will depend on the course of Russia's relations with the Western powers after the war. The course

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of these relations may well be gauged from the future career of Russia's most Western-minded statesman, Maxim M. Litvinov, once Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, later Ambassador to the United States, and always the guiding spirit of Russian foreign policy. Mr. Arthur Upham Pope's work is not only a biography of Russia's most eminent diplomat, but also an introduction to Soviet foreign relations and a cross-history of world diplomacy since Versailles.

Maxim Litvinov makes good biographical material only in so far as his career epitomizes the foreign policy of the Soviet Union. From a strictly biographical point of view, only his early years in the Bolshevik revolutionary movement make exciting reading. Litvinov was in charge of "transport," *i. e.*, smuggling illegal literature and arms into Tsarist Russia. But even then he was destined to become the chief contact man of revolutionary Russia when he represented the Bolsheviks at the International Socialist Bureau in London.

Litvinov is a technician. And because he is a technician in diplomacy and a far-sighted policy-maker, he not only survived the purges which ended the careers of many old Bolsheviks who failed to adjust themselves to routine matters in building up socialism, but also enjoys the unqualified confidence of Stalin, who used to say to him: "You know best. You are sitting at the window looking out." As Stalin concentrated on the task of building the Soviet Union, Litvinov's job was to guarantee the external safety of the country. The obstacles were stupendous. Everywhere he encountered ignorance, malice, stupidity and hatred. If he never gave up in spite of rebuffs, abuses and disappointments, from the time when he opened the "People's Embassy" in London, to the time when he was made chairman of the ridiculous Committee on Seaweeds by malicious League officials, his perseverance has been due to his ability to take all affronts in the knowledge that he was speaking for a mighty people engaged in a superhuman effort of making good lost time.

Litvinov is neither a dreamer nor a hypocrite. Collective security was for him not just an empty phrase, but a concrete means of achieving world peace. His speeches on the occasion of the Italian aggression in Ethiopia, the Nazi-Fascist intervention in Spain and the dismemberment of Czecho-Slovakia were masterpieces in what Litvinov himself likes to call the "science of international relations." But while he was sincere in advocating measures against the aggressor nations, he was also skeptical from the very first. When asked after his initial speech at the League why he was so silent, Litvinov replied: "I was only composing the speech that I shall have to make when we leave the League." He never had to make that speech. When in early 1939 it became clear beyond doubt that there was little hope for peace through collective security and an understanding with France and England, it was Litvinov himself, contrary to popular conception, who suggested his retirement to facilitate a rapprochement with Germany.

Mr. Pope's sympathetic account of Russian foreign policy is well grounded in facts and better than most others. There are, however, three points on which the author might have thrown some more light. First is the question of the relationship between the Soviet state and the Communist International. It is not clear from Mr. Pope's account whether he gives credence to the official Soviet version that there was absolutely no connection between the two and the policies they followed. Second, there is little proof that the liquidation of almost the entire staff of the Russian Foreign Office in the course of the 1936-38 purges was really justified by treason. Third, Mr. Pope might have emphasized more than he did the fact that Litvinov, in advocating collective security, did not act on principle alone, but that collective security as a policy happened to coincide with the national interests of the Soviet Union between 1935 and 1939. HEINZ H. F. EULAU

In Search of America

The Big Rock Candy Mountain, by Wallace Stegner. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 515 pages. $3.
Journey in the Dark, by Martin Flavin. New York: Harper and Brothers. 432 pages. $2.75.

WALLACE STEGNER'S CHARACTER, Bo Mason, hammered by hate of his father into a strong and able man with a child's stubborn will, destroys himself and his family in a passionate search for "some Big Rock Candy Mountain . . . where something could be had for nothing." The lust of the frontier, where the gravy lies on the surface, where the fight is still open and free—this is the itch in Bo's soul. Sam Braden, for whom Mr. Flavin is responsible, wastes his life achieving the business man's glory—$1,000,000—as compensation for his poverty and his ingrown, sentimental love for The Town's Rich Girl. Both characters are symbols of America's search for purpose, of her wondering what to do with life. But these books are the products of men who write with blinkers on.

Stegner has attempted to penetrate the meanings involved in family life, with his eye set ultimately upon the problem of how the Good Man is created. His insight at times is excellent; but it is always personal to the exclusion of the larger social dimensions. Facing a big problem, his absorption in the purely personal limits the perspectives of his understanding and determines the narrowness of his conclusion. Bruce Mason, Bo's son, is the conscious character in whom are felt the sharpest reflections of the whole experience. Contemplating the wastage and suffering of his family, Bruce's reaffirmation is little more than a defeated dependence on the natural biology of personality—"perhaps it took several generations to make a man." "The Big Rock Candy Mountain," nevertheless, is a serious and honest and moderately successful effort to understand significant experience—which distinguishes it from Mr. Flavin's prize-winning novel.

Sam Braden is only "a little business man with a paltry million dollars, trying to make money like anybody else." He is also anti-Semitic, Jim Crow and reactionary and hypocritical in regard to every touchy social value. Flavin, himself a "successful manufacturer" (boasts the dust-jacket blurb), is quite sympathetic to his character, about whom he says: "There is nothing anywhere to criticize, unless one proposes to condemn some cardinal virtues: vision, enterprise, determination. . . ." But the question is: Activity and ability *for what?* When Sam is 60, a multi-millionaire and "lonely," he realizes that his life of profit-seeking was wrong—although "unavoidable." He gets a manual job in a war plant, thus helping to create a world where able men

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will not waste their lives making money, but will cultivate their souls—like Victory Gardens. Smelling quite ripe for Hollywood, "Journey in the Dark" is a "popular" novel in the very worst sense.

In "The Big Rock Candy Mountain," Elsa Mason's desire for a home—for secure continuity—conflicts with Bo's restless scheming; and the conflict destroys them both. Stegner envisages the Good Man as a combination of the temperaments of Bo and his wife—movement *and* stability, masculinity *and* femininity. But this is not facing the problem square on, for Bo's fault is not his activity as such, but his values, his purpose. The problem is not To do or not to do, but What to do. And it is a *problem* because the old values no longer function satisfactorily. Flavin, indulging in the crassest literary opportunism, washes the problem away with newspaper ink; he wraps it in Old Glory and packs it off to war.

A man must live for great ideas—he must work for the fruition of important values. There can be no beginning of this kind of living without thought: the tragedy of Bo Mason and Sam Braden is their *unconsciousness*. Just that.

DAVID T. BAZELON

On the Future of Europe

Crusade for Pan-Europe: Autobiography of a Man and of a Movement, by Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 318 pages. $3.50.

COUNT COUDENHOVE-KALERGI, through an odd trick of fate, managed to skip the nationalistic and bourgeois nineteenth century. An Austrian aristocrat with an amazingly cosmopolitan background, he lived until 1918 in the semi-feudal atmosphere of the old Hapsburg empire. When that world crumbled into dust, he became at once a free man, without class or territorial allegiance, a good European and a citizen of the world.

There are many prejudices against him: I feel confident that an honest reading of his book would dispel them. The world is apt to brand as dreamers, meddlers, busybodies and do-gooders all men who advocate a policy without possessing an official position. But Coudenhove-Kalergi won over to his cause men like Masaryk, Churchill, Herriot and Briand. Through Briand, the first definite steps were taken toward the United States of Europe.

Coudenhove-Kalergi has been accused of being a German agent, because a European federation, it is asserted, would infallibly be dominated by Germany. But no man fought more vigorously against Prussianism, Pan-Germanism and Nazism. It is true that he cannot conceive of a permanent peace based on repression, and not on coöperation. But this is—or should be—common sense. His Pan-Europe has been criticized as an attempt to unite the capitalistic West against Soviet Russia. He is not a Bolshevist; he is an "intellectual," a liberal, a democrat, with strong leanings toward socialism. But he has no thought of attacking Russia. He does not think in terms of defense against Russia. His sole aim, which would be unchanged if Russia did not exist, is to translate a deep cultural fact—European unity—into political terms, so as to avert the constant recurrence of civil wars.

As against those who plan for a Balkanized Europe, torn between British and Russian influences, Coudenhove-Kalergi is at the same time generous, farsighted and realistic in the true sense of the term. On many points, I fail to agree with him. Accused of excessive idealism, he has a tendency to relapse into "realism" of the wrong sort—the realism that is always ready to offer plausible reasons for capitulating to evil. He takes Ferrero seriously, which in my opinion is a major sin. He had a sneaking fondness for Mussolini, and advocated preserving at all costs the Stresa front. He recognizes that Europe is inconceivable without England; faced with the reluctance of many British leaders, his first duty should be to convince them. Instead, he takes their No for an answer, and attempts what he knows to be impossible.

Finally, he dreams of a world peace among the great regional federations preserved "realistically" by American air supremacy. But we do not want to boss the world, and the world does not want to be bossed by us. He is guilty of exactly the same fault that he criticized in the German Chancellor Hans Luther: "Luther, impressed by the example of Prussia's hegemony over Germany, could not visualize a European federation organized along democratic principles, securing equal rights for all its member states." What is true of Europe is true of the world. There can be no genuine liberty without equality of status, *Gleichberechtigung;* and without liberty and equality, there can be no fraternity and no peace.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Uncle Toby

The Connecticut Yankee: An Autobiography, by Wilbur L. Cross. New Haven: The Yale University Press. 436 pages. $5.

NO ONE NEED BE SURPRISED that the editor of The Yale Review and foremost authority on Fielding and Sterne was thoroughly at home when, at sixty-eight, he found himself in the cockpit of politics. This book explains that "when I was hardly out of the cradle, I had to tell my father, whenever he asked for it, who was the Governor of Connecticut, whether he was a Democrat or a Republican." He was "brought up on politics," as he expressed it once to me. If this were not so he would not even be an indigenous New Englander.

He is the kind of Yankee who would make himself beloved, it is safe to say, even south of The Line. Citizens of Connecticut by the hundreds hailing from that area became his devoted followers and admirers. For Uncle Toby's interest in good books is not nearly so great as his interest in his fellow man. No review can give an adequate notion of this delectable personality. The range of his interests and accomplishments may be guessed from the fact that he records with equal pride his learning in his early teens the art of burglary from a proficient older lad, his honor as a "Big Chief" of the Iroquois and his staring as earnestly at a dudish young clergyman as at a girl from New York "who affected the Grecian bend."

Although Governor Cross served only eight years—four terms—he devotes half of the story of his life and times to his political career. At the outset we learn about his settler ancestry, which dates back to the Mayflower, and have glimpses of his boyhood in the village of Gurley-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ville, named for his mother's well-to-do family, and of the little red schoolhouse, to which he trudged eight miles. There are chapters about his days as teacher, lecturer and editor. But he is hurrying on to politics.

Not until 1930, when Dr. Cross was preparing to retire as dean of the Graduate School at Yale, did Professor William Reynolds Vance of the Law School, a Kentucky Democrat, suggest that he "ought to quit his political banter and seriously consider running for Governor." This was a proposal, as the prospective candidate put it, that he "sacrifice himself on the altar of his party." The phrase was none too strong. The boss and owner of Connecticut was the late J. Henry Roraback, whose corrupt control stank to heaven and has left a heritage still odorous in Greenwich and other neighborhoods.

To buck the Roraback machine was downright foolhardy. Yet "the old professor from down at Yale" did it, captivated the farmers with his droll stories and reassured the business element by his un-Jeffersonian attitude toward the tariff. For three terms, with a Republican State Assembly, he was Governor in name only. After Roraback's suicide in 1937 it was possible to clean up some of the mess he had left. But notwithstanding these reforms, the Governor was defeated in his fifth race partly because some of the Democratic Old Guard went to enemy pastures for fatter pickings.

These pages are sprinkled with salty wit and replete with chuckles. Some of us will regret that the Governor has not taken himself more seriously. He has dealt a bit sketchily with his acquaintance and correspondence through two score years with eminent men of letters here and abroad, and has given us a great deal of dispensable detail about near nobodies in Connecticut politics. And one looks in vain for intimate revelations or reflective passages; perhaps it would be too much to ask these of an obvious extrovert. He is of Pilgrim descent, mind you, not of the dour and moody Puritan breed. He was not ashamed to shake hands with Boss Roraback, and made no secret of his stogies or his cocktails. He wears his vast erudition lightly, but he cannot conceal that this undiluted Yankee is also a gem of purest ray serene. SILAS BENT

An Open Letter

The Modern Library, Inc.,
New York City.

SIRS: Reading one of your recent circulars to the trade I was deeply shocked to discover that along with James Branch Cabell's "Jurgen" and John Strachey's "The Coming Struggle for Power," Stendhal's "The Charterhouse of Parma" was dropped from the Modern Library on August 15, 1943. The demise of the first two books is hardly disturbing, if no one has begrudged their respectively arch and instructive existences in your series. But the passing of Stendhal's masterpiece in Scott-Moncrieff's incomparable translation is serious enough for comment.

One assumes that from time to time the poorest-selling titles are dropped from your list, and as a general procedure this can hardly be quarreled with. Nor is there need to ring the obvious changes on the ironies that Stendhal is surely one of the most "modern" of nineteenth-century writers, that his contemporaneity was recently dramatically invoked when two serious commentators on the Allied invasion of Italy drew parallels between this event and the first chapter of "The Charterhouse of Parma," that Stendhal looked for no public (nor did he have one) until long after his death, that he somewhat tediously addressed his fiction to "the happy few," among whom the patrons of your series surely wish to be classed.

You need not be reminded that "The Charterhouse of Parma" is one of the world's great novels, that however few copies may have been sold in recent years, its popularity will hardly diminish over a period of time, and that it will be read for centuries to come. Whatever immediate impulse, then, impels you to drop it is the result of commercial as well as esthetic shortsightedness.

May I urge you, therefore, to reconsider your decision. For this great book, in a translation that matches its greatness, to go out of print will be a serious deprivation for a coming generation of readers, even if a handful are now to profit (one presumes) by picking up remaindered copies at Macy's. GEORGE MAYBERRY

A Reader's List

PLANNING NO. 212: LABOR IN THE BUILDING INDUSTRY (Political and Economic Planning. Available through The New Republic, 25 cents). Because of the needs made manifest and pressing by aerial bombings, the authors of this PEP pamphlet look forward to a "socially necessary" post-war boom in the British building industry. And in the present picture, while the war goes on, construction workers are called the "commandos of industry." The domesticated unionism of wartime, which, closely allied with the government, directs its main energies toward "maintenance of discipline" and "non-interruption of work" rather than to the gaining of class advantages—this kind of unionism has grown in the British building trades since 1939. The pamphlet contains a competent delineation of the structure of corporations and unions in the building industry; but no understanding is evidenced of the fascist danger inherent in tame, government-kept unionism.

POST-WAR PLANNING IN THE UNITED STATES: An Organizational Directory (The Twentieth Century Fund, $1). This little book, the second of a series, presents a panoramic review of more than 130 groups that are now actively engaged in the important task of preparing for the future. It lists them by name and briefly describes the background, activity and personnel of each. The particular fields of interest cover every important sector of the economy. It is a worthwhile guide which may very well be used to facilitate the coördination so necessary in the field of planning.

THE SPY IN AMERICA, by George S. Bryan (Lippincott, $3). A less sensational book than you would expect from the title; Mr. Bryan has pretty sensible ideas about the role of espionage, and shows that the same problems have recurred in all our wars. The Civil War section contains the most interesting material. To judge from Mr. Bryan's stories, the South had most of the picturesque spies, but the North, after a period of confusion, ended by having a better organized espionage service. Solving the Confederate telegraphic code was its greatest achievement.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Contributors

GAETANO SALVEMINI has been in exile from Italy for the past ten years because of his opposition to the Fascist dictatorship. He is co-author, with George La Piana, of "What to Do with Italy," recently published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce.

CARLOS BULOSAN'S volume of poetry, "The Voice of Bataan," has just been published by Coward-McCann. He is now writing a series of stories for The New Yorker and Town and Country and is preparing an anthology of Philippine prose, depicting the growth of democratic thought in that country.

HEINZ H. F. EULAU was until recently Senior Propaganda Analyst for the Department of Justice. He has a doctorate in Political Science from the University of California and contributes to many journals in the fields of politics and economics.

OLIVER KIRKPATRICK was born in Jamaica, West Indies, thirty-two years ago. He was a civil-service employee, then a newspaperman, and did radio propaganda for the British government from the outbreak of the war in 1939 until September of last year. Since that time he has been a student at New York University, specializing in economics.

VIRGINIA MISHNUN, formerly dance critic of The Brooklyn Eagle, has contributed dance reviews to The Nation and other periodicals.

DAVID T. BAZELON is a young free-lance writer now living in New York City.

ALBERT GUÉRARD, a member of the faculty of Stanford University, is the author of several books on French civilization which include "France of Tomorrow," published last year, and "Napoleon III: An Interpretation," just published by Harvard University.

SILAS BENT is the author, among other works, of "Buchanan of the Press," a novel, "Slaves by the Billion" and "Newspaper Crusaders: A Neglected Story." In collaboration with a cousin, Silas Bent McKinley, he has recently completed a biography of Zachary Taylor.

CELEBRATE

10th ANNIVERSARY of AMERICAN-SOVIET RELATIONS

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Monday, November 8th, 7:30 P.M.

HAROLD L. ICKES — *Secretary of the Interior*
ANDREI A. GROMYKO — *Ambassador from U.S.S.R.*
JOSEPH E. DAVIES — *Former Ambassador to U.S.S.R.*
CLAUDE PEPPER — *U. S. Senator*
MAJOR-GEN. JAMES A. ULIO — *Adjutant General, U. S. A.*
CORLISS LAMONT
R. J. THOMAS — *Pres. United Auto Workers*
ORSON WELLES and others

Reserved seats, 55c, 83c, $1.10, $1.65, $2.20

National Council of American-Soviet Friendship
832 Madison Ave., New York — Tel: MU 3-2059

THE MODERN CASE FOR SOCIALISM
By JOHN PUTNAM

179 Pages — Cloth Binding — $1.50

THE MODERN CASE FOR SOCIALISM includes all of the sound older arguments as well as a number of significant new arguments for Socialism. It makes use of the best of Marxian theory and also utilizes the theory of monopolistic competition. It points out that Socialism is inevitable not only because of the technological changes so brilliantly described by Marx and Engels, but also because of the increased economic strain which modern war imposes upon Capitalism. The gross wastes due to competition and private initiative are described separately for each of the major industries.

The author of this book was an Associate Professor of Economics at a large state university and is now an economist with a Government War Agency. He writes under a pen name.

MEADOR PUBLISHING COMPANY
324 Newbury St. — Boston 15, Mass.

Add a Language To Your Assets by LINGUAPHONE

In War, in Peace, ability to speak another language is an asset which will tip the scales in your favor . . . open new opportunities, earn promotion.

Speak ITALIAN, SPANISH, PORTUGUESE, RUSSIAN, POLISH, NORWEGIAN, FRENCH, GERMAN, JAPANESE or any of 20 other languages

Quickly, easily, correctly by LINGUAPHONE Ear-Eye METHOD

This amazingly simple and delightful way to learn to speak any of 29 languages in your own home is the work of 150 of the foremost language teachers of famous universities.

Endorsed by educational authorities, Linguaphone is used by Army, Navy, Flying, Signal, Medical Corps and other services; by 14,000 schools, colleges and by more than one million home-study students. Do not confuse Linguaphone Ear-Eye Method with any other.

Send for FREE book.
Call for FREE Demonstration.

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
36 R.C.A. Building, New York (20), N. Y.

WANTED TO BUY

LINGUAPHONE. Any language, any make. Indicate condition, language, number of records and books. LANGUAGE, Room 1203, 18 East 41st St., N. Y. C.

WEARING APPAREL

TOO MUCH clothes shopping may cause mental indigestion. Miss Goodman's Dress Shop offers the solution. Her natty clothes (Dresses, Coats, Suits) are simple, smart, hard to find. 363 Lexington Ave., near 41st St., MU 5-0670.

LITERARY SERVICE

TREATISES, RESEARCH PAPERS, SPEECHES. Special Articles, reviews, promptly prepared to requirements of busy professionals. Our extensive experience available at moderate rates, with assurance of scholarly serviceable result. AUTHORS RESEARCH BUREAU, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ORDER YOUR BOOKS — ALL BOOKS — *mailed anywhere in the U. S. A.*

POSTAGE FREE

from NEW REPUBLIC BOOKS
40 East 49th Street — New York 17, N. Y.

PERSONAL

YOUNG MAN, 30, loving outdoors and indoors, wishes correspondence with girl of any faith but faith. Rocky Mountain area preferred. Address: Box 401, The New Republic.

LITERARY ADVISER

MARY DOUGLAS. Experienced Literary Adviser. Criticism, editing, revision, research. Theses, articles, novels, books. 430 West 119th St., New York City 27, N. Y. Telephone: UN 4-0400.

The classified rate of The New Republic is 50¢ a type line for 6 point (6 words to the line) and 45¢ a type line for 5 point (7 words to the line). The minimum ad in both cases is three lines.

•

Advertising Department
THE NEW REPUBLIC
40 East 49th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED